THE

most famous and Tragicall HISTORIE of Pelops and Hippodamia. [1.]

Whereunto are adioyned sundrie pleasant deuises, Epigrams, Songes and Sonnettes.

Written by Mathewe Groue.

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pleasant musical Epicrams,

Songs and Sonnetics.

Written by Matheus Grode.

¶ To the ryght Honorable, Sir Henrie Compton knight, Lord Compton of Compton hole, R. S. wisleth long life with increase of honour.

AS Moyses once by law then made
Was taught to swimme and not to wade
Arriued (by God) at Princes place,
Whom Pharaos daughter tooke to grace.
And brought hym vp, and taught hym so,
Who prooued at length as well ye know:

So I by channce thys Pamphlet here
Dyd saue sometime from water cleere,
And tooke it vp and brought to light,
To be defended through your might.
And so your Honours fauor finde,
According to the Authors minde.

Foure yeere and more I dyd hym nurse.
Although no whit it cost my purse,
Yet driuen at length at cost to be,
Because your Lordship should it see,
Yet no such cost as shall appeare,
But mende my purse within the yeare.

Th'auctor sure I doe not know,
Ne whether he be high or low,
Or now alive, or els be dead:
But this in few words may be sead.
Hoping your honor accept it will,
According to the Authours skill.

And for my part still shall I pray,
That God your Lorship bliss alway.

R. Smith.

The Authors Epistle.

WHen I had compiled (right honorable) this litle treatise, and barbarous Manuel, conteyning the Historie of *Pelops* and *Hyppodamia*, with sundrie *Songs* and *Sonets*, (being none other in deede then such as at leisurable times hapned to my minde, and not of purpose inuented) I stoode in doubt whether I were better presume to publish this my trauail, or in couert wise to keepe it close. At length I assured my selfe although it would bring but litle pleasure to the Readers if it were published, yet lesse would it be to any man if I kept it close. To this ende, to this point and issue I resolued my selfe for a season, and minded indeede to bring it to light But the while (as it were by a vision) another doubt and newe disturbance hapned to my minde, that for so much as by often reading and perusing of the same, I foūd my doings to be but rude, yea and as it were almost in vaine, I was in doubt I say, (right Honorable) weighing and considering these enormities, whether to set abroach this my newe wine, being but of ill colour, and worse tast,

vpon mine owne head, or mine owne aduenture: seeing so manie serpents tongues redie in the waie, and the teeth of so manie barking dogs readie to bite: on the one side commeth *Zoylus* or *Theognimus*, and bring with them a railing rout of Sycophanticall brablers: then thought I best on the other side to arme my selfe against these my mischieuous enemies with the title of some honorable, that might defend me from all such slaunderous assaults. And seing that you by iust descent and noble parentage, are such a one as against whom I know for certainty by right such men cannot be by enuie moued, I am so bolde as vnder your shielde to publishe this my worke. Therefore these two thinges I craue of your honor, which both I trust of so gentle heart as lieth within your breast shal not be denied. The one is this, that for so much as more boldlie then aduisedlie I enterprise vnder your name to shewe the skyll of my tender quill (being so small) I here desire your Lordeship to pardon my rash doings. And the other is this: for so much as this simple volume is geuen you of a meere good wil, I desire you to accept it as a token and none otherwise then it is in deede. To be praised or extolled aboue the merites of

the

the same, I doe not desire. My paines herein taken I would not esteeme, so that I might obtaine the beneuolence of the readers: yet if it happen so that of the better sort I stand wel liked of, let *Momus* morpe and mowe, til I bid him staie. Thus trusting that this simple token you wil not despise, I ende, vnwilling anie further to molest you, yet the while beseeching God to preserue you in *Galens* health: and in time to endue your Lordshippe with *Nestors* yeares, and *Xerxes* wealth.

(.˚.)

Your Lordships to commaund to his powver, *Mathew Grone.*

The argument of the Hi-
storie following.

ONomaus was king of Archadia, vnto whom it was told by the Southsayers, that whatsoeuer his onely daughter Hipodamia did marie, she should dye, she comming to her ripened yeares, he proclaymed a prize of running with Charets, that whosoeuer did vanquish him therin, should marry Hippodamia, and haue the Realme with her, but the vanquished should dye. Many of the Woers were slayne: at last Pelops promised priuily to Myrtilus that if hee shoulde winne the prize, Myrtilus should lye with Hipodamia the first night: Whereupon he made the Axiltree of wax, by reason whereof in the course the Charet fell downe, which Onomaus thē perceyuing, slew hymselfe, and Pelops enioyed the Lady, and Myrtilus requyring that which was promised, Pelops threwe hym into the Sea, which euer after was called mare Myrtoum.

The most famous and tragicall history of Pelops and Hippodamia.

There stretcheth long a Realme in *Greece*,
of antique bruite and fame,
Whose memory remayneth yet,
Archadia it we name.
Which title Archas sonne of Ioue,
bestowed on that land:
Who ruled there with Regall crowne,
and golden mace in hande.
There is the fenne of Lerna,
where Hidra monster great
With hundred hissing Serpents heads,
retayned there her seate.
Til Hercules inforced was
with strength the fiend to gripe,
And Erymanthus riuer there,
his surging course doth kepe.
Where once the scepter held in throne
Omaus with his might,
One of the sonnes of dreadfull Mars,
the furyous God of fight:

Which

Which wight of Parge sisters thre,
such grace he gan obtayne,
That they did all forbeare to cut
or shred his threan in twaine.
Wherby he drewe his vitall web,
vntil the silver heares
Gan grow vpon hys aged skull,
for cause of many yeares.
He only Hippodame had,
hys daughter damsel fayre.
Which by descent and due desert,
should stay his lawfull heire.
Who guyded was in semely life,
by learned Sages store.
And as she doth encrease her dayes,
so vertues hath she more.
She was her fathers only ioy,
the forteresse of his life
She left was only of his stock
then sole without a wife.
In somuch that the greatest care
and studie of the king,
Was aye in vertues lore to trayne
and this hys daughter bring.
Which vertues she conceiued so,
and printed in her hart,

As

As fast as learned Patrons could
instruct her them by arte.
Which caused her in flaming yeres,
to beare the worthy fame:
And ne to haue among the reſt,
her mate, a courtly dame.
But that ſhe dyd excell and ſhade
the ſhape of euery wight
As much as Luna with her hornes
ſurpaſt a ſtarre by light.
Theſe vertues and the like ſo rare
enforſt the father olde
With zealous care his daghter and
her ſtate for to behold,
And to prouide that damage ſmall
hereafter ſhould annoy
The tender corps by any meanes
of thys his only ioy.
For which intent he did retayne
with him in Court alwayes
A number ſéene in Magike arte
and prone for ſuch aſſayes:
Which by their learned ſkil forſhew
vnto the king and his
Thoſe things that long ſhal after fal
of euil hap or bliſſe.

Which

Which men Omaus king gan will
in presence for to come,
Which do approch, their dutie eke
with bended knée sone downe,
Do listen then to heare their charge:
to whom the king gan say.
My tryed friends, ye learned péres,
in whom my trust doth stay,
As hertofore ye faithfull haue
bin vnto me and mine,
In all aspects and great affayres,
so now your eares encline:
You all do know our daughter dear,
our Hippodame milde,
Who læmeth now in youthly yéres,
a most vertuous childe,
And shunneth yet each sinfull lore,
as farre as I can know,
Whereby to me no little ioy,
through her I say doth grow:
Yet doubting now dame Fortunes wheele,
which whirleth very strange,
I aske your ayde, for to preuent
and stop a sodeyne change.
For Fortune frayle not surely stayes
her steppes still in one place,

But

But turneth as the winde, whereby
I stay in doubtfull case.
What if that she should be inferd
with Venus wanton spoze,
Dz other like: dz if that she
should any ill repoze,
That may unwished come to passe:
I silie wight in woe,
Might wail the case of this my child,
her selfe which noyeth so:
Foz youth is fraile, and tendeth not
sometimes to sage aduise,
And shunneth that which they perceiue
Those men which do seem wise,
Foz to embzace: say they whom that
olde Senex staffe hath smite,
In sadnes, not in youthly pzanks
doe studie and delite.
But youth doth tread the path to sinne
and earst t'obtaine that still,
Which they perceiue doth please the flesh,
hap either good ez ill.
And you doe know, there nothing is
that fraile flesh pleaseth moze,
Than that which doth depend on vice,
wereof there raigneth stoze.

And

And I remember Venus sonne:
who with his shaft and bowe
Doth often pierce the harts of those
who like pangues did ne know
Alas if that should light on her,
as likely sure it is,
Unwares to me then might I say
adue my ioy and blisse.
For that blind boy doth cast his dart,
not on the meanest sort,
As soone as on those stately Peeres,
that places haue in Court.
For why they driue their time in ease
and idly spend the day.
They feede on dayntie dishes rare
and rest on downe for aye,
There is no pleasure but they taste
as may content the hart
Which are the causes that he doeth
so soone throwe them his dart.
For if thou banish idlenes,
thou breakest then the bands
Which *Cupid* doth with slighe deuise
to tangle both thy hands.
If she should chaunce to fix hir mind
in loue with one that is

Inde-

Inferior in degree to her
which match were farre amisse.
I should be loath, therfore my frends
of this her destinie,
I wil thee ye enserch forthwith,
and it reueale to me,
To this intent I may prouide,
for to preuent the same,
If it should happen for to be
impayring to her fame.
Yet willingly I would that she
should ioyne with one in loue
As meete is in degree, which doeth
from him all vice remoue.
For this I know the fame will be
if that her peres endure,
Needs she must knit her selfe to one
in wedlock ioy most pure.
Wherfore repaire to th'usey place
and with our Gods assent
As touching Hippodamia,
to know their high intent.
And take the faireſt goate that may
within this towne be found
Him offer vp in sacrifice,
to them, whose laude doeth sound

Aboue

Aboue the starres, who rule the globe
who sitte aboue the starry skye,
And knowe such things as earst were past,
and those to come perdy.
Then they all on their bowed knees,
vnto the earth doe fall
And one of them doth answere then
and thus in name of all,
O king, if that we would not graunt
now to thy best and thee,
Unworthy we were of our liues,
true subiects ne were we.
If that by force are we may
satisfie thee in this;
We are right glad that by the same
we thee aserre suerly blisse.
And now there doth remain no more
but th'while to loue I pray,
To further that our enterprize,
which fortune doth allay.
This Onomaus king was of
and held the Paynim law,
He knew not euen the liuing God
ne kept himselfe in awe:
Wherefore he gan erect a place
as best he had in thought,

Where

Where hée and carst his subiects moe,
to fayned Gods they sought.
Herein were aulters many store,
where when in smart they fall,
They offer vp their Sacrifice,
and to their Gods they call.
The cause is say they (for why)
they offer vp such gift
And offerings brent for Sacrifice
is for a proper shift,
For this they thought, sith that so farre
of distance were the skies,
Their voice might scarce be heard, or els
so high as skies arise,
Yet often they doe prayers houle
vnto their gods aboue:
To this intent when loud they crie,
they might by chaunce haue loue:
And eke on aulters them to moue
with burned flesh intend,
The smoke whereof in litle while
might vnto them ascend,
And thus although no voice might be
so high as skies inclinde.
Yet by the incense thereof, they
might vnderstand their minde:
For smoake (they say) goes vpward still,
and riseth with the winde.

These

These wisemen to the temple goe,
with haſt for to fulfill
The heſt of Oenomaus king,
and search for good and ill.
They bring with them the kyd his death
which reſteth to receiue,
And one of them with pérecing knife
doeth force him life to leaue.
And wringing out the blood also,
depriuing him his ſkyn,
They prayers say, which they ſuppoſe
doeth cauſe the Gods to blinne.
Then kindle they the fire, and throw
the Goate into the ſame.
For to conſume to aſhes ayt
by violence of flame.
They mark the diuers colours that
in waſte doe flée therehence,
The raynbow hue, to déeme thereby
of Gods the high pretence.
Some on Saturnus call, and some
on Iupiter doe crye,
Some on Mars, and ſome on Sol,
yea ſome on Mercurie,
Some on Venus, ſome to Luna
make their vocation.
No god there was but him they han,
in appellation.

As

As diuerſly their mindes were ſette,
ſo diuerſly they cal
Eche one vnto his god to proue
which happyeſt would befall
So they conſume the tyme vntyll
the fleſhe is almoſte ſpente,
Then deme they what ſhall happen, as
they thinke is Ioues entent,
And other gods: then pray they one
whiche oldeſt was of all,
To ſhew them firſt what he did thinke
ſhoulde afterwarde befall.
But he with pauſe doth ſtay, as though
ſome doubt he did perceyue.
His rolling eyes caſte vp,
and muſing he doth leaue
And ſaid: my frendes and fellowes deare
ſhall I nowe tell in deede,
This caſe, or as I thinke thereof:
the more haſte the worſte ſpeede.
I well perceyue by th'azure hue,
that paynted aye the flambe,
And by the ſtreng that helde the heart
of this our killed lambe,
With other ſignes but euill newes,
for vs aye to declare,
It certayne is when Hippodame
in mariage linke doth fare,

Our king must l.se his life perforce
whether he will or no,
Such froward destinie for him
the Gods haue graunt to thee.
And was not aye the verie like
reueled to you all,
Alas, this cruell sodaine chaunce
my minde doth much appall.
How say my friends: but now such feare
hath strike them to the heart,
That they haue now scarsce power to speake
or him thereof impart.
At length they causde him vnderstand
that they did know full well
The same, but that they gaue to him
the preheminence to tell
And first declare the same, for hee
was oldest them among,
For reuerence ought be giuen
to th'old men, of the young:
They all deuise the meane whereby
they may this exprelle
Vnto Omans, which doth expect
an answere more or lesse:
And then that aged father doth
his tale againe renew,
Full bent to waile their owne fate,
as after doth ensue.

Alas what hap had we (quoth he)
this arte for to assay,
Why d. d not we bestowe our minds
or wits another waye
I muse wherfore each wight with tongue
doth this our darke estate
Most happy call, when vs thry minde,
and when of vs they prate,
And blabbe that we each thing doe knowe
and ken each destiny,
And eke the knots of fortunes launde
can vndoe by and by.
Alas if that we tel a man
his present frowarde fate,
Then are we sure of hym to haue
and purchase paenith hate.
And although hys desire be
to know the very same,
Yet naytheless if it be sharpe
he giueth vs the blame,
Againe, or els if we conceale,
and doe not tell the trueth
Then are we sure and certayn that
the wrath of God ensueth.
Thus on ech side the doubt is playne
the perill is more great,
We are in worse case then they whom
the destinies doe threat.

As now when that we doe forecel
this hap vnto the king,
Who knowes what he in raging fits
wil doe, or els what thing
With mischiefe shal be done by him,
perhaps in that his ire,
He wil pretend to slay vs than
to quench his burning fire.
As though that we were cause thereof
our selues this doe we know
Nor cannot aye vnlesse we should
more sacrifices showe
To deeme therby our frowarde fate
but now the time doth haste
That we must wend vnto our king,
and spend no winde in wast.
I would to Ioue that we might stay,
vntil to morow day,
And then to yelde our answere by
the while we would assay
By incence sweete the destinie
that happen should to vs.
Then each doubt and each fearful poynt
we would our selues discusse,
But now there is no remedie,
Omaus king doeth stay
Ere this time long in closet tilte
to heare what we can say.

He thinkes it long til that we come
to tel to him this spighe,
Come let vs goe, the gods vs shield,
and succour with their might.
Thus passe they on their way vntill
vnto the hall they come,
From thence they passe the chambers large,
and goe through many a roome,
Until the priuie chamber they,
approach, wherein the king
Remayned then, whom they salute
as best with their liking.
Then bowe they down their knées to th'earth,
then one of them gan say
O soueraine king our liege and Lord
thus much we doe thée pray,
Sith thou dost wil that we reueale
such things we know to thée,
To pardon vs, what euer that
of vs shall spoken be.
That being graunt, we boldly then
our mindes may whole expresse
And open thée each darkened poynt,
as thou erst wouldst no lesse,
Which he gan graunt thus much, and sayes
some peruerse newes I fele,
Because ye doubt mine ire, alas
I dread lame Fortunes wheele.

Perdy I thinke if that my chaunce
were happy me to saue
There were no nede that pardon thus,
of me you yow should reaue.
Oh tell the fame, then they agayne
the Gods that rule the skye,
And tuene the rounded globe, whose power
and whose authoritie
Thou mayst ne gaynsay once,
to vs thus they declare,
That whē thy daughter Hipodame
in wedlock bands doth fare
(Which now in ripened yeres doeth waxe)
that thou shalt lose thy life,
The very day most sure in which
she giuen states a wife.
Thus much we learned haue, thus much
the peruerse destiny
Of thee for her by offrings brent,
we know assuredly
Prouide therfore, it happen shall,
as sure as Ioue doth raigne
As true as sonne of Mars thou art
in skies which did remayne
Then he as foming bore that whets
his tuskes against the fight,
oth rage with puffed face, and erst
with swelling eyes for spight.

His

His ire permits his tongue to rel
the greeke he bides with payne.
So vanquiche he with fury was,
in dumpe doth so remaine,
At length when memory he found
his sparkling eyes at last.
Upthrowen, this tale with warbling tongue
among them he outcast,
Oh Ioue what cruel hap is this,
what beuilish destiny,
What horror doeth inuade my brest
because that I must dye.
And must I die in deede, for that
as yet I neuer knew
I neuer knew my face before:
what after should ensue
Oh fortune, fortune, which ne treades
her steps still in one place,
But wauering here and there most fraile,
as doutfully doeth trace
Why deales not she as equally
the golden gifts she hath,
But setteth some to top on high
and some treades vnderneath.
Oh Hippodame is this the gift
and recompence I haue
Because that I thee trayned thus
in Courtly place so braue?

Is this the fruite I reape of thée,
who in thy childish peres
Diost shew to me thy sire such hope,
and spring me siluer heares:
Alas, alas, that thou shouldst be
the causer of my greéfe,
Which wast the only ioy to me
and fortresse of my life.
The staffe whereby I trancd, when
I fel in any smart,
As often as I thought on thée,
ful light was then my hart.
Oh Aesculap reuiue my corps
that passeth now to woe.
Come Clio help my parched paines
and haples hap to showe.
Ther was not since the world began
a wight that felt such greéfe
As now I feéle, or had such cause
to wayle his noyed life.
Can there be any greater payne
or torment can you tell,
Bethought by furious fiery fiendes,
that lurke below in hell,
I reade that Ixion is tur-
ned there, and tost on hie,
For promise broke, or whirling wheéle
so for desert perdy,

Sisiphus

Siſiphus doeth on ſhoulders beare
the ſtone to top of hyl,
Which rolling downe againe, he doth
renue his paynefull ill.
Amyd the lake with thirſty iawes
olde Tantalus therein
Purſues the waues the water ſtream
doth wet and waſh his chinne.
And when to him now oft deceaued
it doeth yet promiſe make
Then flits the ſtud the fruite at mouth,
his famine doth forſake.
I reade alſo how Titius heart,
to flying foule is praye,
And Danaus daughters ſtill in vaine
their watry veſſels ayt.
And all theſe feele ſuch pangues and paynes
for ſome their iuſt deſert
But I as guiltles now abide,
it for to pierce my heart.
If for deſert I feelt the ſame
leſſe griefe it were to me
But once being come t'expulſe the ſame,
I finde no remedy.
Thus finiſht he hys wayling ſtile
commaunded earſt with ſpade
The Southlayers for to anoyde,
which willingly for dreade

Conſent

Consent, misdoubting much that he
in fury fond some fact
To them would doe, whereby their greife,
they should for nought exact.
Omaus then betakes himselfe,
and goes in couert wise,
To garden plot, where by him selfe,
he wayles with watry eyes,
There doubts he what were best to doe,
what remedy to finde
What wile for to coyne out that might
deceiue fortune vnkind.
At last he thinks to slea and eyd
his daughter of her life,
For so much as she was the spring
wherehence doeth flowe his greife
And better it to be that she
in Charons boat should wend
Then he, who being dead, t'ensue
his destinie to end.
For sith that Ioue appoynted hath,
this destinie to take,
Effect when euer that she did
her sole estate forsake.
If she were slaine before that time
by no meanes he can sa,
Through her desert this hap to pas
then no such hap to be.

And

And so himselfe quyt for to leaue
then stayeth he a while,
At last he doeth reuoke those words
and them from mynd exile.
And poureth out this playnt agayne,
ah myser, did I say
That I with boysterous hand should pierce
and Hippodame slay,
I doe retract those words againe,
in no wise it may be,
She is mine only child, which by
my wife was left to me.
Shal I embrue my hands with blood
or that doe in my rage,
Which I did neuer yet commit
shall I thus stayne mine age?
No, no, nay more then that,
she is my only childe,
Then she once dead, *Archadia*
hath fewe the crowne to wielde,
If I were dead also, therefore
Ile search some witty wile,
Wherby I may the churlish snares
of dame fortune beguile.
And from these parched pinching paynes
my selfe for to beguile,
And therby for to saue her life
for if that she should dye,

I glad would be my ſelfe to wende
with hir, then by and by:
And what that I did ſpeake before
I vtterly denye.
In arbour he conſumes the tyme,
at length he doth ariſe,
As Muſa puts into his minde,
a ſhyfte he can deuiſe,
Which he thinkes beſt, this is the ſame:
he myndeth to ordeyne
A prize to runne with chariots ſwifte
in fielde vppon the playne,
And who ſo findes the chaunce
the ſwyfteſt pace to trace,
(And vanquiſhed the king) thereby
for to departe the place
Shall wedde this dame, and when the lyfe
of this king is in hande,
T' inioy *Arcadie* realme, and earſt
the king therof to ſtand:
But on the other ſide, if that
Omaus geues the foyle,
The vanquiſhed to loſe their lyues
for ventring in the broyle.
Thus he decréd in minde, thereby
if happie that hée be,
To winne the prize, if contrarie,
his owne death for to ſée.

And

And now when that he doth perceiue
he found no better way,
He hyes him into Pallace straight,
to publish this for aye.
And then in deede he calleth in
one which most meete he found,
For such assayes, whom he can will
with trumpe in hand to sound
In euery place within the Realme,
the Cities of the land,
Proclayming to each wight these words
or lyke, which next doe stande.

Here foloweth the Proclamation.

If there be any wyght that myndes to trye
By course of charets on the field sh playue,
And eke before the route of chyualry
Worthy seeme to haue reward for payne,
It stayes the wyll of Onomaus grace,
That they approch within these thyrty dayes
Unto the Court, where they shall finde in place
Hymselfe sole prest to try in these assayes,
Gaynst commers all, and who so vanquisht is
On fyeld by hym, shall soone then lose hys lyfe:
But who so ouerrunnes the king with blisse
Shall espouse Hippodamia to hys wyfe:
And furthermore, the Realme for to enioy,
After the death of Onomaus king,
To hym without disturbance or anoy
Of any man, and to hys chyldren after hym.

Tubicen

Tubicen goes and passeth fro,
he sounds in euery place
The newes, and at the last returnes
and is one in ioyous case,
Because that this his toyle,
and iournes is so past,
The commons muse full fast on this,
and are with feare agast,
Not knowing what the cause shoulde be
of this so sudden change,
But for the most part they impute
this hap to fortune strange.
And as the vulgar people muse,
the nobles toy againe,
For ech of them doth thinke by fight
this Lady to obtaine.
Then might you see the knight concurre
on heapes, to haue a sight
Of Hippodam vnto the court
t'encourage them to fight
And they who that vile dastard hearts
before time did possesse,
In hope to winne this Ladie bright,
them now to runne doe presse.
So much the force of women doth
enforce men for to doe,
Like as they neuer did before,
ne like againe would so,

Vnlesse

Unleſſe it were their enterpriſe
as authors olde dyd ſhewe
And they that learned are indéde,
the very ſame doe know.
The luſty gallants of the Court,
that proper are and tall
Do mynd to venter now themſelues
and hazard life and all.
The chooſing is of courſers braue,
that trymly treads the way
And wel is he that hath the beſt
the cheefe to proue that day.
There trim they vp the charets light
which put in redyneſſe
Ech thing that they ſhal néed in field
themſelues they ſée to dreſſe.
The king alſo himſelfe, his horſe
prouided he doth ſée,
His charets al which lightest and
moſt méete were thought to be.
In theſe aſſayres they doe conſume
and ſpend the thirty dayes
Ordeyning, and ech one hymſelfe,
to trye in theſe aſſayes,
Thus all things ſet in order due
as beſt were to deuiſe:
Among the troupe of chyuallers,
one *Pelops* doth ariſe.

And vewing aye the seemly pose
of Hippodame bright
He mynds to try himselfe to wynne
her if he may in fight.
There was that time one Myrtilus
of fayned faith a wight,
Who ruled the charet of the king
and draue the horses right.
To hym doth Pelops think to wend
there some meane to deuise
Wherby he may preuent the king,
and bleare the lokers eyes.
And thinks with gelt to ouercome
this mysers feeble minde
Or by some other way, he cares
not what, so he may finde
The meane to be *Archadian* king
wherby he should enioy.
This dame, and evry thing he would
without let or anoy.
And searching aye the Pallace large
to finde this Myrtilus
He commeth to his chamber, where
at length sayes to him thus.
My frend, thou knowest that in field
the combat we shall se,
And ventrous wights to bear the fame,
amongst the chyualry.

And as I one doe minde with force,
to shew my selfe in fight
To proue if lucke will happen me
to winne that Lady bright.
Yet naycheleſſe by thy deuice
if I might winne the same
I should reward thy beneuolence
aduauncing of thy fame.
But Myrtilus with fayned shew
of frendship to his Lord,
Doth answere thus, in no wise I
may vnto thée accord.
Think not that I for this thy glose
of promise fine, will shewe
My disobedient to my liege
to whom I seruice owe.
Aduancement ne I craue of thée
my paynfull seruice may
Preferment get me of our king
wherfore thus much I say
Forsake this place, and now desist
with talke to trouble me.
Then he which to obtaine his will
no meane or way did see,
Being almost in despaire of hope
doeth hope yet once againe.
To trye the wight which sayd hym nay,
although it were his payne:

Oh Myrtilus if that I may
by any meanes aspire,
To win the prize, and spetially,
if thou helpst my desire,
Thou shalt be sure to match in bed
with Hippodamie deare,
If thou canst finde the wile to bring,
to lucky end this geare.
We are as frends, what nede these words
and circumstance of stile?
Eche thing shall common be with vs
what euer hap the while.
What though that thou doest play this pranke
art thou the first that hath
Bene earst vnfaithfull to his Lord,
for scant or els for scathe.
Let musing go, though this seeme strange
yet thinke if king I be
I will reward this thy desert,
as thou in time shalt see.
Would it not moue a frozen heart
yea flinted for to bowe,
To haue in armes such damsels as,
are rare I make a vowe?
Thinke therfore on the night that thou
in bed with her shalt haue,
Who staynes each courtly dame that shines,
for beuties gift so braue.

Now Pyrtilus euen as thou wilt
to me thine answere show,
If thou wilt not, I must goe seeke
some other wight to know
That may me ayd, and think not but
if able that I be:
This thy vnkindnes Ile requite
what euer hap to me.
Then he that stood so stiffe gan turne
and vnto Pelops say
Woe for the brunt of Cupid blinde,
then any thing for aye,
If that thou list thy best to keepe,
performde as thou doest vowe
Ile stand content to pleasure thee,
as much as I may showe.
If thou canst be content, that I
as thou hast sayd before,
Shall lye with her, I will prouide
that thou needest doubt no more
For I wil make the Axeltree
the charet which doeth beare
Of waxe, which by force of a cracke
most suddenly shall teare
Wherby vnto the ground ỹ knowest
the charet needes must fall:
In so much as the Axiltree,
doth beare the charge of all.

Which bæing done, the courſe is loſt
then all the pꝛize is thyne,
And therefoꝛe in the wedding night,
ſette pleaſure fyꝛſt be mine.
Thou knowſt the king at eche courſe doth
with changed charet runne,
And thenrenewe his courſe agayne,
as fiꝛſt it was begunne:
Beware that thou doe not preſume
to ꝛun, till thou doeſt ſæ
The fiꝛſt courſe and the ſecond too
expiꝛed foꝛ to bæ:
Then valeantly fowꝛth pꝛeace thy ſelfe
foꝛ I wil ready ſtand,
To offer him his wexed rowme,
which next ſhall come to hand.
Then *Pelops* pꝛoud of this good hap
gramercy ſayes my frend
As now I haue no moꝛe to ſay,
foꝛ this thy councel kind,
But farewel once, foꝛ *Phaeton*
deſcendes Olimpus downe,
And Phebus ſhunnes Proſerpina,
his foe, that helliſh hound.
And I will earſt depart from thæ
thoſe things foꝛ to pꝛouide
To moꝛow which within the liſtes,

in

in fight I ſhall haue néede
Aboue agayne then trudgeth he
as faſt as he can fly,
Vnto his chamber, where that he
doth call to gods on hye
For help, but chiefe to Venus mylde
to whom young Paris gaue
Before the reſt for loue of Nimph
the golden apple braue.
And ſith that *Luna* with her black
and darkned horned hue,
Doth cauſe the ſparkling ſtarres in ſkyes
their places to renue.
He thinks it beſt to clyme hys bed
in ſléepe to ſpend the night,
That in the day betimes he might
be ready for to fight
The time thus doth conſume & wear
the night doth vade away
And *Phebus* getting th'upper hand,
Proſerpina doeth fray
He ſhewes himſelfe as cheéftain now
with chariot in the ſkye,
With twice two prauncing horſes ſ
ſhewes hys authoritie.
The ſmal birds by their chirping lay
doe ſhew the time to wake,

And sluggish bed the drowsie place,
a tyme for to forsake
For as the day appoynted is
to haue with him for fight be,
Of things that appertayne to day
so likewise is the night
Appoynted hym things to be done
which appertayne to light.
Therfore each wight doth stryre
hymselfe for to prepare,
Into the field, and valiantly
hys armes for to declare.
Among the rest Oenaus doeth
make ope hys drowsie eyes,
Unwilling he to keepe hys bed
doth suddenly arise.
In mind to make thaduenture shote
to lose or els to wynne.
Wherfore he hasteth first hymselfe
the array for to begyn.
Those youthful seemly knights
who by their great desire
Were pricked forth to try thēselues
no lesse: haste dyd require.
They thinking long the time to bee
themselues to field do hast
And spend not iangling here & there
the day which is farre past

When

When it was knowne by ſounde of trumpe,
the king at poynt to bée,
A number preſt in order braue.
a man might then eſpie
For to attend vpon the king,
yea rather on the wight
For whoſe ſake now erhe one doth knowe
to be this broyle and fight
The king as chéefe and chalenger
firſt marcheth on the waye,
With all the crue of noble men
him after in araye,
Some wyth theire helmes beſette
with plumed fethers hye,
Some on theire horſſes heades for ſhewe
doe put the like perdie,
Which waueth with the winde:
the thirde but in degrée
Doth Pelops ryde in perfect hope,
but none ſo braue as he
The charrets make achéere full ſhewe,
the trumpets ſounde would moue
The heart of anie wight, yea ſure
the verie goddes aboue
So ſhrill a note with puffed chéekes,
thoſe men with breth doe ſounde,
That from the earth it flyes to ſkies,
from ſkyes agayne to grounde.

The horses eares are filde with that
they snort, and staring stand,
They prauncing iette, to shew themselues
which best might tread the land.
But Hippodame whose face hath set
each heart on flamed fire,
Doth follow now with troupes of dames
in sad and black attire.
Not as she went the prize to see,
with ioy or to behold
But as though that she went to mourn,
Oh wight of perfect mould.
Those Ladyes that attend her trayne,
in lyke suite goe they all,
As though they wayled some their frend,
which lately toke a fall.
Thus passe they forth with measurde steps
til they come to the place
Where they appoynted are to stand
as Iudges of the case.
Within the lystes might no man come
vnlesse they minde to trye
Themselues, or fortemen which attend
the king and Princesse nie,
Each one in order takes his roome
where he himselfe would stand,
To run his course, and take his lot
which comes next to his hand.

What

What shoulde I say, the trumpets blowe
the blast of battle brawe,
Each one doth hope by fortune gwd,
him selfe to quite and saue.
And now the time is come at poynte
when first the king doth say
He that doth mynd his charet first
with mine for to assay.
I wil that he come shew himselfe,
then forth one podeth fast
And sayes I am the wight, sir king,
to whom first lot is cast.
Then there remains no more, but both
let run their charets light
As swift almost as Iphicus
were there beséne in sight.
But loe the king hath won the prize,
as all men thought before
The trumpets sound their warbling notes
for ioy of that therfore,
Then néedes the lawe must rigor take
which sight did much appall
And dread the lookers an, so that
thers none amongst them all
That venter durst scarce for to runne
but musing there they stand
At length the second takes like charge,
and enterprise in hand.

Alas

Alas, he followes the other cleane,
and taketh ſelfeſame end.
For lozing aye the prize, he doeth
giue life it to amende.
Now Myrtilus oh caytiffe vile,
is ready for to bring
With trayterous face the charet waxt
with ſpéd vnto the king.
Which taken gratefully,
the courſe doth then renewe,
By *Pelops* Prince of *Phrygia*,
in order to enſue.
But loe, ere that demi the way
the courſe had ouerpaſt
That brittle axeltrée of waxe
euen with a thought was braſt.
And fell vnto the ground, wherfore
Omaus ſéing this:
Drawes out his goring knife or ſword
with force he ne doth miſſe
To ſtabbe hymſelfe inpe to the hart,
ſuch frenzie toke him then,
As ſcarce oppreſſed Hercules,
when Iunos wrath began.
The only prize is giuen to
young Pelops, and the name
Of *Victor* doth remayne to hym
and *Fama* ſhewes the ſame.

The persed corps is taken vh,
and as the guyse is there,
Unto the temple of their Gods
to burning him they beare.
But Pelops takes the readie waye
to Hippodamia shéene:
Where as she stood on plated stage,
to sée and to be séene,
His bonet vailed, humblie he
gan say hir on this wise,
Due reuerence once being done
hys face toward the skyes,
Oh rare séene sparke of beuties flame,
oh Matron of the crue,
Panthora thou, whose face doth stayne
bright *Phebus* golden hue.
Sith that the Gods aboue haue shewed
to me such dignity,
To beare the prize of winning thée,
by true authority.
To whom I render thanks for this
I come now for to clayme
And aske my right, for sith by Lawe,
I woon thée in thys playne,
I iudge thée mine, your Fathers hest
doeth testifie the lyke.
Then she whose roseall hue was staynde
and hyd on euery chéeke,

By ſpring of chriſtall teares, at laſt
this wiſe to him gan ſay,
Sir Pelops thou of *Phrygia* Prince
in whom vertue doeth ſtay,
Sith that by armes I am your own,
I thereto doe agree,
As lawe requires: yet as thou art
a knight, this graunt to me
I may a while deplore the death
of my vnhappy ſire
Who cauſer is of his owne fall
by this his fond deſire.
For nature bynds the child to wayle
this day let me haue ſway
To morow I for to commaund,
am thine, and then alway
And that I may thoſe obſequies
and rytes which appertayne
To funerals fulfil, and then
thine owne I doe remaine,
Til Atropos my vitall twine
entends to cut in twayne,
If thou in heart agree alſo,
and therefore I require
Thée for to reſt thy wearie corps
and me haue my deſire.
Then he replete with ioy, doth wend
vnto the Pallace cleere,

And Hippodame tendes the corps
which layd is on the bære,
With wofull hart and dreary playnt,
the Ladyes rest doe wayle,
The king, but more bicause this wight
so much her mone doeth vayle.
The triumph thus mixt is with
huge sadnes and some ioy,
As some lament, so some reioyce,
and thus they spend the day
Til Omaus dead inioys the flame
as worthy as may be,
After the vse of *Arabia*
as authors testifie.
But oh, prince Phaeton forsakes
with weary horse the hil,
Descending down Olympus tops
below to stay, vntyll
By holes distinct, the time is set
t'aduance hymselfe againe.
Then ebry wight betakes him selfe,
to bed of releast payne,
And though that Pelops throwes himselfe,
on bed for shewe of rest
Yet slæpes he not, so much with ioy,
his heart is ouerprest.
He hates this night, and hopes for day
he thinks it long to sée,

Till

Til that dame Hippodame she might
his spoused mate once be.
Who now her tender corps in bed
hath hid in couert wise,
Of whom likewise *Somnus* with sleight
can ne approach their eyes.
Whom dolor rules, and woe restraynes
she wayles the hapless hap
Of her vnlucky Father, which
Fortuna dyd entrap.
Yet thinketh she her sorrowes large,
now for to be the lesse
Sith that for losse of father, she
an husband shal possesse.
These thoughts consume and driue the night
tyl *Sol* doeth shewe hys hue
And *Terra* glad thereof, doth now
forsake her watrye dewe.
Then might you see dame *floras* arte
depaynted aye on greene.
How herbs start vp their heds aboue
the ground for to be seene.
Ech feathered fowle disdayns ỹ bush
the tree is pearch for night,
And resting boghs do seek their prais
in fields where they are pight.
And likewise as in siege each wight,
is stirring here and there,

Some

Some doing this, some doing that,
all busie euery where,
For this day comes in which they minde
with mirth and ioy to kæpe.
The mariage of two princes yong,
which now forsake the slæpe.
The nobles of the Realm make hast
and say, its time that they
Dyeine themselues the temple to
therefore to come away.
Oh if that Clio would accept,
to shewe her worthy art
In bookes to wryte the order that
that day was kept with hart.
Then might you sæ a triumph, as
if Alexandrus were
With all his iolilyke royaltie,
in place among them there.
But to proceed, they sease the church
when trumpets sound the blast
Where both they ioyn in one ere that
the day was demi past.
Euen as it did behoue such Pæres
where both they crowned be
The king and Quæne of *Archadie*
great ioy it was to sæ.
Mens minds wer not so tangled thē
as now they doe appeare

Therefore eche solemne thing was done,
more ruvely as I heare
But leaue we them to celebrate
those things we haue in hand
And reuert to the Pallace, where
no wight doeth idle stand.
But there prepare of costly cates
a banket rare to see,
As though the muses nine themselues
inuyted guests should be.
What should I say by al thing which
present vpo there abound,
It suffized then the very ground
and flowre for to surround:
No heart could wish but there it was
as vpo thereto pertayne
No tonge can shew els what did lack
but there it was full playne
The diuyne rites performed then
they both retyre at last,
For *Sol* now in hys wonted rowme,
Meridyan is plast.
Where they consume the time at meate,
two houres large or more,
The noble men attending aye
and waytyng them before.
Both Dukes and Earles with such lyke,
and Barons of hye prise,

Eche

Eche one in office dyuerſly
as beſt was to deuiſe.
This dinner done, the armory
beginneth for to ſound,
Which to the land of Pelops, and
Hippodame doth redound
There Orpheus ſcholers ſhewe,
their maſters ſkyll and arte
Then youthly knights betake themſelues
all things els ſet apart
To daunce and rayſe the dames
or Nimphes almoſt in ſight.
And ſo in pleaſure they conſume
the tyme vntyll the night,
The kyng departs the hall hymſelfe,
as faſt as he can hye,
Which Myrtilus as prone therfore,
doeth ſuddenly eſpye.
And thus he ſayes, ſir Pelops now,
ſith that you doe obtayne
This dame and eke the Realme, by my
induſtry and my payne,
I reade you for to kæpe your heſt,
the time is preſent now
The night drawes on, therfore I pray
remember wel your bowe
But he theſe words doeth thunder out,
oh caytyffe borne to ill,

Oh myſer moſt, diſhonour ſuch
wouldſt thou me bring vntil:
Oh traytor vile, diſſembler thou
thou ſhalt haue thy reward.
Becauſe mine honor, and thy faith
thou diddeſt not regard
For thy deſart and vſage aye,
example thou ſhalt be,
To other that commit ſuch crime,
what euer hap to me.
Now *Pelops* ralles to other, which
he ſtanteth beſt to truſt,
And painteth out this hap to them
of Myrtilus vniuſt.
Who being bound they throw on horſe,
vnto the ſea they ride:
There plunge they in this Venus child
with this reproch that tide.
Lye there thou Lecher, thou wouldſt fayne
aſſwage thy foule deſire,
On her who is thy Leege, on whom
thou oughtſt no ſhame require.
And yet becauſe that by this help,
young *Pelops* gate the game,
In memorie of him he would
that ſea to beare his name.
This done, they all returne againe,
vnto the wonted place

But in the Citie they disguise
themselues with hidden face,
And maske vnto the Court, where that
they spend much time in play,
Not knowen whothat they were, vntill
they threwe their maske away,
Which done the Quéne departs the hall,
each wight departs to rest,
King Pelops wishing nothing lesse,
is thereto likewyse prest.
Where they content, both take their ease,
as both they dyd require,
And Pelops hath the onely wight,
whom most he did desire.

FINIS.

Of the most famous, renowmed, and chrice happie Realme of England.

O fertile soyle, thou little lande,
that *Anglia* hath to name,
Unto whose bankes and lymits set
Brutus of perfect fame
With forced shield gan turne his arme
vnto thee now I say,
These words to thee in whom the waues
of hony sweete doe stay.
In whom the floods of milke doe runne,
and *Nectar* fine doth flowe,
Like lande our Lord to his elect,
did promyse long agoe.
If euer thou hadst cause to laugh,
or ioyfull to be seene,
Then clap thy hands, and thanke the God
that gaue thee such a Queene.
Whose vertues doe ascend and mount
vnto the very skyes,
And there doe moue the mighty Ioue,
to turne to thee his eyes.
With louely hand to poure on thee,
the seedes of this his grace
And plentie causeth of all things
to abound in euery place.

Within

Within thy compasse cut thou canst
not truely witnes this,
Before her dayes that like in thée
there was such cause of blisse.
Nor aye there is none other cause
by wit which thou canst finde
That moued God to throw on thée
such plenty thus assignde.
But her, before her dayes, in bookes
full playne its to be séene
What war, what strife, and slaughter great
in thée at once hath béene.
What scarcitie with thée there was,
what penury each thing,
For want of grayne, the lack of fode
dyd to thy bowels bring.
The moued Gods by some thy fault,
what euer sinne it were,
Did thée inforce the horror huge,
and wrack of warre to beare.
By reason when the people fayne,
and tyred could not toyle,
To tyll this land, wherby almost
it was vnfertile soyle.
But now sith none there is in sight,
oh thanke thy God therefore,
And wish her life that is the cause
of this thy perfect store.

Who here in preſence prayeth plain,
vnto the Lord aboue,
At whoſe requeſt, and whoſe behalfe,
he powres on thée ſuch loue,
Yet thinke not (litle Realme) that it
is for thine owne aſſent,
Thy ſinne is ſore, it is for her,
or els thou mightſt be ſhent.
Her vertues ſhine as bright as ſtars
as clére as Phebus chéefe,
The port of hir doth ſtayne the moon
a *Phenix* by her life.
For chaſtity Lucretia
ne could that Romiſh dame
Aſpire to her, though while ſhe liued
ſhe had the only fame.
Let prudent *Pallas* pauſe a ſpace
and then for to eſchue
Let Clio muſe to paint the gifts,
which loue doth her endue:
Who worthy is to rule and raigne
beſides her kingdomes thrée
Ouer the globe which we account,
all Chaos for to be.
What ſhuld I ſay, what ſhal I write
but laud the royall race
Of her who by her paſſing port
ſtaynes Iunos very face.

Elizabeth whose name compact,
doth stand of letters nine,
The effect thereof and meaning true
in fewe words to define.
She loues the Muses nine, she loues
their wisdome passinglie:
She loues the sugred skil, she loues
their la'ves assuredly.
Let ech true subiect on his knée
with thankful heart stil pray
For to preserue this noble Quéne,
in vertues loze alway.
The quéne of *England*, realme also
of *France* and *Ireland*
Whom God protect from all annoy
by his most mighty hand.
And graunt her subiects her to serue
in heart with one accord:
While she doth raigne here ouer vs,
as long as please the Lord.
And when that *Atropos* shal cut
and shred her webbe in twaine,
In skyes with him to ioy a place,
for euer to remayne.

The Author being minded to write, but lacking an argument, made this following, thinking wherof he were best to write.

VVhen *Phebus* in the azure Skye
Gan mount with horses tracyng hye,
Then was my mynd bent to endite,
Some prety toy with pen to write.
Of quyls I had in place good store,
With inke and paper mete therfore
But arguments I wanted aye
That might conduct me on the way.
At length when zelous study had
Pretence to write of good or bad,
As aye my mind dyd geue me skill,
It selfe reprooued mine owne wil.
I wil of kings goe tel the raigne,
How they in throne doe hie remayne.
That doth surpasse my base estate
Some other thyng Ile imitate
Ile write of prieſtes, but with those
It is mad medling in a glose.
Of good men I wil somewhat shewe,
But fewe such on earth I know
Then wil I wryte of such therfore,
As doe geue almes vnto the poore.
It is rare vsed in each place,
Ergo I wil ompt that case.
Of fasting something Ile declare
But let that goe it is so rare.
Ile write of rich mens huge desire,
The more they haue, more they require.

But shal I talke of a blast of wynde?
Then women Ile not leaue behinde.
Of naughtypacks Ile paynt the showe,
That argument would ouerflowe.
Of whordome then shal I deuise
A volume large that would comprise.
I wyll then flatter euery man,
But many men that science can.
Then wyl I lye, Ile cog and face,
Nay that is vsed in euery place.
Shall I tel trueth, it is too rawe,
A blacke Swanne I neuer sawe.
Oh Ioue what world is this to see?
Amendment no way sound may be.

Omnium rerum vicissitudo.

Warre bringeth pouertie,
Pouertie bringeth peace.
Peace bringeth riches,
Riches bringeth pryde,
Pryde bringeth warre.
Warre bringeth pouerty, &c.

WHereas by martiall power and might,
the Citie vanquisht stayes,
And ouerrun by forraine fors
denyeth such assayes.
Then pouertie pursues with payne,
and pyncheth euery wight.

With grædie gripes to shewe his strength,
and eke outragious spight,
By pouertie each man is forst,
to assuage his hautie heart,
And hold himself content with peace
all horror set apart.
Then aye as authors witnesse doe,
small things for to encrease,
And grow ful great, as long as that
each wight enioyes the peace.
So that by peace it followes then
a man may sone obtayne
The sand of golden Pactolun,
and eke the siluer vayne
Then if a man enioyes the pelfe
of riches pleasant molde,
He fals in pryde, th'unhappy clog,
too high his head to holde.
Wherby he spurns against such as
his betters farre are borne:
Then war pursues this peace again
in former place to torne
So doth this world flit alway,
ne constant doth abyde,
And fortune whirleth very strange,
on rounded stole to glide.
Wherfore I deem ech toyling wight
that traceth on the ball,

Farre

Epigrams and Sonets.

Farre better aye had béene vnborne
ne troubled there at all.

The louer being demaunded wherefore he went alwaies in black attire, in cõmendatiõ of the same, made answere to his Lady on this wise.

SIth that each man with brauery,
in colours doth him dight,
Such as may please his mistresse eye,
and answere her delight,
Some chuse the grẽne, the white some weare,
some tawney light or sad:
And some in yealow garnisht are,
in purple some be clad.
Some orient red, some watchet dye
some one, some diuers take,
And weare the same most curiouslie
for their fayre mistresse sake.
And wheras I doe serue and sue
and sẽke to haue the grace
Of her that with her liuely hue
staynes all that comes in place.
To know a reason you request
what thing I should desire
That only I aboue the rest
in blacke my selfe attire.

The

The black and brawne doe seldome change,
they fixe their lovely grace,
When other colours light and strange,
doe vade within short space.
The pealow soone it waxeth pale,
the russet keepes small stay:
The tawny eke wil soone be stale,
the purple wil decay.
The white wil soyle, the grēne wil stayne
so wil the louing blew:
The red wil change with litle payne,
and take another hewe.
And so the grace is shortly gone,
their beuty soone decayes,
But black is black, and alwayes one,
and serues at all assayes.
And so the heart that you doth serue
what fortune so betide,
From trueth professt wil neuer swerue
but constant still abyde,
Beside all this these colours light,
doth nothing els declare,
But what their fancy and delight
doth will, the same they weare.
As virgin white and wel beseēne,
the hopeful russet hewe,
The pleasant yelow, youthfull grēne,
and eke the faithful blewe.

Than=

Epigrams and Sonets.

Thangry red, the men forsake
in tawney chuse their wæde.
And thus in colors they them shape
as folly both them leade.
Of colors as is their attire,
so fleéting is their minde
They loue, they leaue. despise. desire,
so fickle as the winde
But sober black presents a mind,
whom folly makes not fayne,
Dame prudēce there may saufe find
and lodge with all her trayne.
And as vnchanging is the hewe
and eke vnmedled die,
So constant is the heart and true
that vnder it doeth lie.
And thus for this I weare the blacke
you may right wel beléue
And not for that I mourn, or lack
but that which you may géue.
Oh were the happy houre at hand,
come were that ioyfull day
When you my faith wil vnderstand,
and trueth vprightly way.
And so release my paynfull sute,
to lie possest in place,
To reape the long desired fruite,
and ioy the wished grace

Wich

With colours then let them depart,
whose fancy flits alwayes
While I in black with stedfast heart
doe serue you all my dayes.

The louer hauing daunced with his Lady, in the end thereof speaketh these words.

MAdam, sith that you doe vouchsafe
to daunce about with me
I render harty thanks, and though,
vnworthy now I be,
To kisse your tender palme with mouth
yet doe I naytheleſſe,
Remaine your seruant stil in heart,
and place of thrall posſesſe.

The answere to the same.

GOod sir, whereas you say that you
vnworthy are with me
To daunce, your pleasure and
your tongue doe both agrée.
You may say what you list, but this
I knowe to be most true,
No dame there is within this place,
condigne to match with you.
Much leſſe am I that meanest am
inferior to them all.

A woe-

A worthy dame t'aspire to you
to daunce within this hal:
Stoupe not so lowe to kisse my hand
for it that you doe please,
I am your owne what so betide
your thraldome to release.
And thinke that you haue gotten out
and in this presence found
A seruant true, as like that which
dame fame did once resound
Vnto Penelope the faire
which was Vlisses wife.
What would you more, I am your owne,
in heart whilest I haue life.

Omne mundum positum est in malignitatem.

COmplayning I ne can refraine
with measure iust my tongue,
But he vnlose with mingled tunes,
must make a dolefull song.
And say as Tullie said, when he
the Romans did accuse,
O maners, o time, because that they
all goodnes did refuse.
There was not sith the world was
a worser time than this
In which the Lady Virtus doeth
of presents alway misse.

With colours then let them depart,
whose fancy flits alwayes
While I in black with stedfast heart
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And say as Tullie said, when he
the Romans did accuse,
O maners, o time, because that they
all goodnes did refuse.
There was not sith the world was
a worser time than this
In which the Lady Vertus doeth
of presents alway misse.

The assembly huge of Reprobates
doth more and more encrease.
And treadeth downe the simple soules,
by their most heauy prease.
Which when my mind did know, forthwith
by feare I dyd refrayne,
This tale not mete yet for such as
doe virgins pure remayne.

The restlesse estate of a Louer, written to a
frēd of his, wherein he craueth to haue
some good councel to ease
his greefe.

My frend, the care that I sustayne
and life I leade at all,
I send in paper here, as by
these lines perceiue you shall.
The sluggish bed and drowsie p'ace
I always doe detest
Sith I therin with weary limmes
enioy no quyet rest.
Before that *Phebus* shewe his beams
in morning I arise
On field to fare then forth I passe,
as is my common guise.
Where of the lusty flowers greene,
and yealow fresh of hewe,
As by and ouer them I passe,
I take the perfect hewe.

Which

Which colours twe (though vading aye)
I like and euer ſhall,
For in the field while they remayne
they paſſen colours all.
Directly then vnto ſome hil,
or mountaine faſt me by,
In beaten path I take my courſe,
and way as it doth lie.
Wil here long I ſcale with feble legs
my ſelfe vp for to get.
By reaſon though of troubled heart
I puffe and ſometime ſwet.
Yet ſtint I neuer till that I
on higheſt place may ſtand
And top therof, me round about,
for to behold the land
The ſweling ſea with ſurging waues
alſo ſuch foules as flie
And euery thing that of the land,
or ayer comes me by.
The greene forreſt which vnto me
doth ſeeme moſt fayre of all,
And euery fearefull beaſt thereof
to you which I name ſhal.
The mighty hart, his make the hind
the buck and eke the doe.
On ſide of hil there reſteth, and
the ſwift amazed Roe.

The nimble long ear'd hare that swift
before the hound gan run,
The litle crarknut squirel erst
on tree, that pretie bun:
And furthermore I see by me,
the wilie subtile foxe.
The balstone or the grey doth chase
and beate from cliuie rocks.
Oh but at length I doe perceiue,
as wished with the rest,
A pallace pure of pleasure, and
the place that likes me best.
And as in ioy (by sight therof)
in dumpe there stil I stay
At length vnto my selfe these words,
with warbling tongue I say.
Within thy walles and chambers fayre
a perfect place of blisse,
My dearest frend, the wight that hath
my heart, enclosed is.
Where oft I wish my wretched corps
in couert for to be,
So that no wight my sodayne shape
or presence knew but she.
Transformed from my proper hew,
and changed in such wise,
As for our sureties both she could
her selfe then best deuise.

A prety little hound on her
with faithful heart to fowne,
I stand content so that my minde,
were present to her knowen.
A chirping mouse in hole to crepe,
in caue or hollow wall:
When that in bed she thinks to rest,
my loning noyce were small.
A linnet in a wretched cage,
before her for to sing
With shrillish notes I would ne stay
nor stent of warbuling.
A Phillip Sparow on her fist
or elswhere to be fed,
At her owne hands twice euery day
with chosen crums of bread.
A little Robin that doeth hop
about with reddish brest:
Or els if Ioue would me conuert,
a blacke flea in her nest.
In faith with force ne could I finde
or thinke once in my heart,
The prety naked soule from out
her slepe once for to start.
But that mine eyes at leysure might
her semely corps behold:
Of God that rules the rounded ball,
none other thing I would.

 Thus

Thus when my weary playnt
and wishes all haue sayn:
I hie me home, because the night,
approched to my paine.
Where I consume the day, vntil
I sée the mantled night:
Which come on bed, for shew of rest.
I spend vntil the night,
And then my course to mountain hie
againe I doe renew
Of euery thing as yesterday,
to take the perfect vewe
Loe here my frend I send to you
the patterne of my payne,
I craue nothing but of your hands
an answere sage againe.
And as in pleasure you haue béne
to me a faithfull frend,
So likewise in distresse and gréefe
to shew your selfe so kinde.
Some good aduice let me receiue
of that thy gratefull hand,
Wherby I may direct my path
as surest for to stand.
The while I wil attempt with lines
and letters for to moue,
The frozen heart of that good saint
me to requite with loue.

If tokens may ne bote, or that
none other thing preuaile,
Then wil I goe and yelde my selfe
what so ere doth me assaile,
And present plead for grace, but now
for once let this suffice.
My Muse and I with slender quill,
to endite wil now deuise.

The Louer writeth to a Gentlewoman, by treatie to cause her to loue him, if he may possible.

MAdame, like as the drop that falles,
vpon the marble stone,
Doeth pierce the same though not with strength
but with oft fall thereon.
So now though that the sparke of fire
be small within my brest,
Yet euery day its like to be
stil more and more increast.
Unlesse that ye vouchsafe to giue
to me the oyle of grace,
For to preuent the same, before
it take a rote and place.
Therefore these lines which I here send,
doe pray to haue release,
To flow from you, to him that is,
your seruant during life.

For sith that Cupide with his dart
hath hit the marke that he
Did shoote at with his blunted bolt,
which stocke he made of me:
And sith there is no creature that
can rid me fro my grǽfe,
But onely you, Oh Ladie myne,
or cure my noyed life,
I send you here with faithful minde,
a present, though but small,
Now take my hand, and eke my heart,
yea take my life and all,
To pleasure you if that ye list
ne neuer to denie,
Let me enioy the name and place,
your seruant to supplie:
Let this suffice till that I knowe
the tenour of your minde,
Whether ye list to giue long life
or death vnto your frǽnd.
One of these two you may preuent,
for both rest in your hande,
If that you list Panthora milde,
sith I in hope do stand:
And as I doe perceiue the cause
of ioy or else of grǽfe
Ile say it doth procǽde from you
be it of death or life.

Go passe to hir ye printed lynes,
that doth possesse my heart,
If that you cause me to receiue
some comfort of my smart,
I shall reioyce, bnt if ye giue
to me a froward stile,
I shall be prone, and with good will
from life me to exile.
By him that hath bin here before
your owne, and so is nowe:
And for to be your owne he hath
yplight a faithfull vowe.

Here the Ladie writeth an aunswere to the letter of hir Louer, perseuering in hir stubburnesse: nothing ruing his faithfull heart.

YOur lines sir, that you sent
to me but of late dayes,
I haue perusde, as méete I thought
to be for such assayes,
And sith that you request
to haue an answere ayne,
I stand content to do so much,
sith you in hope remayne,
To put you out of hope,
thinke not I am so fayne,

To graunt so soone vnto your hest
that were but folly plaine:
Goe chuse and take your make
some elswhere to be found.
I am not one that wil so soone
in any band be bound.
And you to be as free,
as erst you were before,
Leaue of I pray you by my reade
and trouble me no more.
Yet say not naytheleſſe
that I the cauſer stay
And am the weauer of your woe,
that were no likely way.
Though that your pleasure were
to forge such fayned stile
And by the sliuer hooke to catch
the fish that feares no gile.
The loue is very hot
for which a man would kill
Himselfe, I know it very well
that is a painful ill.
Though Pyramus that wight
with sword did pierce his heart,
For Thisbie, and she likewise did
of like death take a part.
They two are dead in deede,
they two be layd in stone,

We

We neuer shal finde out by sight,
their like now they are gone.
Now doubt I whether that
the like loue flowe from you
Therfore content your selfe ẏ while,
I must nedes say adue.

By her that loues not aye,
To spend her words in wast
Wherfore she sends but few lines
To thee, farewell in hast.

The letter of a friend of a wounded Louer, wherein hee goeth about to dissuade him from this louelie follie.

My frend your parched letters are
late hapned to my hand
And them with eye I haue perusde,
and euery sentence scande.
Wherby I doe perceiue that you
doe languish still in paine,
And now according to request,
I write to you againe.
That I with dreary plaint accuse
and wayle the haples hap
Wherin blind Cupid Venus sonne
did lately you entrap.

But

But yet small remedie I find,
if she so froward be
As in your letters you repoꝛt,
and shewe the same to me.
But that ye doe refraine from loue
me thinketh that the wight
That lerning hath might wel pꝛeuẽt
and stop such pꝛeuish spight.
Loue is not of such foꝛce & strength,
as farre as I can showe,
But if it be by learning you
better then I doe know.
Then fixe your mind some elswhere aye,
where you may reape the fruite
Foꝛ which you haue so toyled long
by painfull suite.
But if you cannot soone withdꝛaw,
from her your yelded hart
And thereby to exile your selfe,
from this your snared smart.
Then wander hence away into
some Countrey farther off,
If you can aye foꝛbeare a while
this soyle to dwell alwfe,
And there with troupe of chiualrie
to exercise your selfe
In feates of armes, thereby to shun,
of loytring loue the elfe.

Such

Such facts wil cleane exile, & driue
from out your mazed minde
These pranks, insomuch ỳ they shal
no place hereafter finde.
The Adage old doth shew vs plaine,
and as I haue heard say,
Long out of sight, clean out of mind,
and I beleeue it aye.
Then if that you attempt some way,
and worke some wittie wile,
By fauor of your frends to fare
a litle in exile,
And cut the calmed seas, the land
to treade at th'other side
You soon then wold leue of your loue
which now in hart you hide.
And if your heart doth not assent,
in forrain fields to trace,
Thē in some town within this realm
you must finde out some place,
For you that haue the store of welth,
may leade your life as best
To court it out with other braue,
and royst among the rest.
In Court great knowledge is,
to which you may aspire,
If that you list with zelous paine
to applie your whole desire.

And

And in the Court also you shall
perceiue some condigne dame,
That may extinguish clean the print
and sparke of the other flame.
In time to come perhaps also,
I say you shall reioyce,
And laugh to see this link, the which
you left haue by my voyce.
Perchãce ỹ gods haue you preseru'd
vntil some better end,
Then may you ioy by right with me
that standeth for your frend.
But if you mind not aye to passe,
into some other land:
Nether to serue in princely Court,
in Courtly rowme to stand.
Then fire your earnest minde
to aspire to knowledge hie
By studie of the common lawes,
a Councelor to supplie.
And leaue such fondly toyes
wherin you now doe frame
And trace your steps, ỹ more to tred
your present woe and paine.
And giue the common law the fame,
when each trade doth decay,
The prouerb old as you know wel
doth likewisy to vs say:

No fishing to the sea there is,
nor seruice to a king.
No such game as the trade of lawe
doeth to our coffers bring,
The trade of Lawe doth fill to brinke
from bottome boysterous bags
They royst in silke, when other range
the stræte in rented rags.
Now iudge your selfe which of the twaine
doeth giue shewe best to be.
With one of them I would that you
in heart could aye agræ.
If that you like not aye the change
of dames within the court:
For Countrey pyrlles your youthfull life
with them to lead in sport.
Or if you more esteeme the sight
of her that wayes not you:
More then the gilt that Law doth get
by learning to ensue.
I know not what thing I shall say,
but wayle the froward fate,
Which vnto you the Gods haue graunt,
to purchase pæuish hate.
Thus now adue my frend, marke well
these lines which I doe send,
And sometime let me heare from you,
how that you doe entend.

The Louer writeth once more to his friend, as doeth followe after.

The paines that you haue taken sir,
an answere to invite,
Unto my letter that I sent
with thankes I here requite.
Not able any other way by gifts
to recompence the same.
But with my pen a few lines
in paper here to frame.
Whereas you say I should refraine,
and kæpe my selfe from loue,
That were too hard, sith loue it selfe
hath forst the Gods aboue.
What moued Iupiter to turne
himselfe to take the shape
And forme of Bull, but only loue,
for dame Europas rape?
And for because (my frend) you say
loue is not of great strength,
As farre as knowledge geueth you,
it shall appeare at length.
Did not loues law enforce that Ioue
to turne in Eagle strange,
When that Asterion he could
accept into his grange,

The

He toke on him the forme of swanne,
as Leda when he had,
Under his feathred wings and brest,
in safetie for to shade.
A Satyre strange, he forst him selfe,
that Iupiter by name
Saturnus sonne, to the intent
he might Nectris clame.
In forme of golden showre when that
to Danae he could clyme
In towre strong, for pleasure then
with hir to ioy a time.
Thus lose did he his former face,
as loue did oft compell,
Besides him other gods also,
which all I can not tell.
But if that Poets tales seeme true,
then did Neptunus turne,
And had the face of other beasts,
a Ramme sometime to forme,
Sometime a lustie horse to be,
sometime a fish to play,
As of a Dolphin take the hue
as loue did beare the sway.
And did not earst Apollo take
the shape of Rauen blacke
Sometime a shepheard in the fielde
to bring his lust to sacke?

No god was free, sith all the shape
of chaunged formes gan take,
Of beastes or birdes, and oftentimes
of foule of fish of lake.
Then say not that loue hath no force,
the prouerbe thus doeth say,
Amor vincit mundum, and then
nothing so strong doth stay.
And whereas you do giue aduice
me to withdraws my minde,
And fixe my heart some elsewhere, that
I may some fauour finde.
Alas can I withdrawe my thought,
or els auert my heart
From hir whose picture still I fynde
within my brest impart:
No no, or else and shall I graunt
to wander in exile,
And drudge about as one vnknowne,
thus desolate the while:
I can not aye endure that trade,
and where agayne you say,
I should me trie in feats of armes,
and so driue loue away,
For once from sight cleane out of mynde,
prouerbially you speake.
That is most true of such as would
there vowed promise breake,

My heart, aye giues me power inough
in forraine lands to wende,
And ouer surging seas to glyde
t'arriue at the other ende.
Yea if I had a thousand liues,
I would them venter all
For hir, if that at my returne
reward for payne might fall.
Or where to serue in princely court
your hest doth me aduise,
He that aduentures such affaires
had nede be verie wise
In court though that great dignitie
be to be gotten aye,
I haue no minde to such attempts
for things that I shall say.
In court at times to dice and carde,
a man must venture oft,
His winnings one time will be small,
his losings come aloft,
A man must not denie to play
an hundred pound or twaine,
If that he mynde to beare a name,
though nothing else he gaine:
And other exercises store,
which when a man doth mete
With such as stand more than his match
his winning goes to shete.

The Court a fit place is in deede
for such as know no ende
Of wealth, and such as heape by more
than they may perely spende.
Such lustie lasses neede take no dread
how that they lose or win,
Their tenants toyle, they know not how
their worldly wealth comes in.
And some by parents wise haue nowe
such order in their land
And Bounds well set, that they ne neede
about it syle their hand.
And where you thinke in court there is
such store of damsels fayre,
Though they were like the Muses nine,
that twice aboue the ayre:
Yet if that Enthimimias
in court did aye remaine
More beautie she should showe by sight,
than any other twayne
Though that she be a country pyll,
no weight thereof doth stand,
Thinke you that some those Courtly dames
are not of countrey land?
Yea though that they haue changed place,
and eke their wonted guise,
Yet countrey Ladies they are still,
as farre as I deuise.

If

If that you knowe the contrary,
suppose that if this dame,
(Though stubborne she) were set in court,
should she not beare the name
To be a Courtier eke most fit:
small is the difference
Nowe put off you, if that ye list
to giue intelligence.
And also of your other choyce,
I like much as the rest.
The studie of the common lawes
I ne account as best:
To bend my mynde vnto that syde,
I thinke it follie playne,
The way is long and tedious,
so much more is his paine
That trieth it, and if such store
of gold be got thereby,
I wish some frend that hath no welth
his minde thereto apply:
But as for me, I thanke the Gods
that blessed me such wise,
I greatly ne (as Prouerbes say)
do nede to rub mine eyes.
And this I know for certaintie,
that he which linkes in loue,
To earnest studie any time
his minde can neuer moue.

None of your choices thée I like
but penſiue do remaine.
My ſorow groweth móre and móre
I fæle the worſer paine.
And where you raiſe requeſt to knó
how that I do entend
The copy of my letter aye,
and hers before I ſend.
Therby you may perceiue and ſée
how ſmall she doth eſtéme,
The cankred care wherby I crie,
and ſtand at very brimme,
Of Stigian lake, yet do I mind,
ere many daies be paſt,
T'aſſay againe, for many men
ſay Loue comes not in haſt.
Yet will I pauſe a while,
and think on eurie poynt,
At length when I perceiue my time
Ile venter out a ioynt.
And then renue my painful ſute,
which now doth ſtand begun
It wil be long ere that I ende
the fœble fooles are wun,
With litle care as I haue learnd
thus fare you wel from T.
Where oft to giue me councel good
I wiſh you for to be.

The lamentation of a louer beeing refused, shewing no hellish torments to be lyke his, wherwith he accuseth his Ladies crueltie, & yet at lēgth praieth to haue releefe.

COme on thou hart ẏ long hast slept in woe,
Reuiue thy selfe thy haples hap to shew,
Yée sences all closde vp with couert care,
Unlose your selues my sorowes to declare:
Thou tongue that tyed art by string of paine
Be prest to shew the woe where I remaine,
Thou hand ẏ long hast staid stretch out at last,
To shew the present gréefe and sorowes past.
Of him that dying liues and wisheth death,
Thogh dead in hart yet alway draweth breath
A thousand times for woe who stil doeth crie,
And wisheth death each day and cannot die.
Though Ixion nayled on the whirling wheéle,
Which hellish stubs & irksom pains doth feele,
Though Tantalus amyd the lake therein
Pursues ẏ waues which wet & wash his chin,
And when to him deceinde it promise makes
Thē fleets ẏ flood, his dryth and thirst ne slakes
Thogh ẏ the tréé with aureal fruit doth stand
By him. and when he reacheth out his hand
Thē flies ẏ stock on which the fruit doth grow
So bides he paine, and feeles excessiue woe.

Though Tirus heart did lie a perfect pray
To flying foules, this payne he bides alway,
Though Danaus daughters fyll in vayne
The watry vessels, and in toyle remayne,
Yet none of these for greefe may ay compare
With me, for Clio may not yet declare
Ne payne ech parched paine, wherby I pyne,
Though she had all the helpe of Muses nyne,
Or else expresse with slender quill in hand,
That eche wight might it fully vnderstand.
Such dangrous dread doth double in my brest
For hir, who reweth not this my vnrest:
Ah frosen heart, ah wight of marble moulde,
Ah fem as fierce as Tygre to beholde,
Oh wolfe of vilage fell, who wouldest deuoure
Ech simple lamb, that ioyes but slender powre,
Thee to the noble Lyon to compare,
Were folly plaine, sith he this vertue rare
Enioyes, who neuer doth delight, with force
To teare the sely beast þ yelds to his might,
But then as victor to returne away,
And somewhere else to seeke a condigne pray.
But thou whose mouth deligheth stil to feade,
Art not content my corps on ground to tread,
But ay to rent and teare my giltlesse hart
In peces small by this my woe and smart.
If that thy pleasure be to feede on me,
So say, ile pull my heart to giue it thee,

There-

Thereby for to allwagè thy hot desire,
Thereby of life to extinguish out the fire.
What wouldst thou more to do thy bodie good:
I would on dagger fall to spill my blood,
Or else with lancing kniues to cut my flesh,
To make thereof for thée a daintie dish.
Then grant and yéld to this my one request,
I wish no more to bréd my quiet rest.
When *Cupid* shot at me first with his dart,
And by the blow did péerce my tender hart,
I knew no salue to cure my sore againe,
But thereby did remaine pensiue for paine,
Till Amor now by sleight the meane did find,
To rid the same if thou ne grow vnkind.
Rue then thou frozen hart and stomacke dire,
With friendlie words grant now ỳ I require.
Let me inioy soone, eke the place possesse
Thy selfe, and thereby my wo redresse,
So me for to requite with loue againe,
Sith I in hart thine owne shal still remaine,
Till sisters thrée shall rid my vitall twine,
Thy loue let me haue aie, for thou hast mine.
Grant this ye gods that giue on starrie skie,
And guide that Chaos ball most equally,
What ioy were this to me that am a thrall,
If thou thy mate wouldst me once frendly call.
Sith I so oft haue trauaile spent in wast,
To reape the wished frute now at the last.

The

The Louer hauing written manye times, almost past hope, yet doeth renew his playnt againe.

ALthough that here before my déere
I written haue in wast:
And sent my lines to thée in vaine
expressing sorowes past.
Yet hope doth hag me to encline
with pen once for to paynt
The staggering staffe wherby I stay
and shew to thée my playnt.
And thogh that yet thou alwais haue
béen ruler of my care
Yet now at length a gentle wight
doe thou thy selfe declare:
If any sparke of mercy stay
now flaming in thy brest
Then say the word that profit may,
and bring me wished rest.
Let not the guiltles ghost geue vp
the cynders to the soyle
But let your mercy be an ayde
to helpe him geue the foyle.
To hatefull hap, let not my corps
to Charon dréery be,
By passage ouer Stigian lake,
a burthen aye to sée.

Let not the wight that now enioyes
halfe yeeres to runne his race
So soone depart from terra green,
in Tartar to haue place.
Sith you may giue him light ẏ now
in darkenes doth remaine,
Sith you may giue him freedome ẏ
in thraldome stayes for payne.
Thinke on the faithful hart
of him that sayd thee so:
Thinke on the meaning true of hym
that wandreth stil in woe.
Think earst on him that doth not ay
esteeme his borowed life:
To pleasure you if you vouchsafe
to remedy his geeefe.
And now sith that you vnderstand,
the secrets of my mind
Let this suffice I say, vntil
an answere be assignde.
And though that many sundry times
I trauayled in wast:
I waigh it not so that I may
haue mercy at the last.
By him that staies in hart your owne,
as long as life doth last
And if that loue be after life,
your owne when life is past.

The

The louer being denied, yet singeth this song, being constant, with hope to obteine hir at the last that may reward him for his paine.

Though surging seas do compasse me,
Of carking cares on euery side,
Yet trust I once to range most free,
And to the ioyfull valley glide,
And eke the wight for to obtaine,
That may release me from my payne.

Though she sayes nay to my request,
And doth deny my true desire,
Disdayning aye to bred my rest,
Whereby I freze amid the fire,
Yet trust I once for to auaunt
Thus stubborne sternesse from her hart.

My lady cals it follie plaine,
With toong such hardned knot to knit,
As all the teeth with helpe of braine,
Shall ne be able to vnclit,
She wrappeth wily wit so sure,
It to obtayne its very dure.

She doubts least that I meane awry,
She feareth least my hart be fraile.

Epigrams and Sonets.

She thinks I loue not faithfully,
But outwardlie hir to assaile,
She thinketh aye my tong to flie
In words, with hart ne to agree.

Oh that Cassandras gift were plaine,
And worthy skill for her to gesse,
If that I list in hart to faine,
Contrary to that I profesle,
Then should be seene the great good will,
I beare to her, and shall do still.

Yet I ne blame that silly wight,
Though circumspect alway she be,
Unfaithful loue hath brought much spight,
The proofe whereof we dayly see,
By such as thinke contrary aye,
In hart to that which tong doth say.

Yet I am none of those I vow,
I loue hir truly in my hart,
As is my thought the same I show,
In outward words with wo and smart,
Wherefore these words I say certayne,
That iustly I should her obtayne.

Though long it be ere I arriue
The ioyfull hauen to possesse,

Though

Though long I wretch doe weare the gime
And carefull clog of heauineſſe,
Yet hope I once to ſee that day
To haue my loue and none ſay nay.

The Ladie by often intreatie being vanquiſhed with loue, doth write a comfortable letter to her Louer.

DEſiſt my Philo frend, to plunge
or welter ſtill in paine,
Where flowing aye the noyſome waues,
of woe alwayes remaine.
Leaue off to waile or mourne for that
which thou didſt deepe deſire.
Sith I am preſt with zelous care,
to extinguiſh out the fire,
And the vnwaſting coale that lyes,
now hid within thy breſt,
In couert wiſe, and by my meanes
to bring thee cauſe of reſt.
Deſiſt with pen to paint the paine,
which compaſt thee ech ſide,
Or doleſull tunes to ſhewe the greefe,
in which thou didſt abide.
Leaue off that blacke attire, wherein
thou dreſt for to goe,
A perfect hewe (as ſome repoze)

and signe of wicked woe,
And fall to mirth, to ioy with her,
that comes to ease thy smart.
Thy earnest suite hath found a place
to lighten on my hart.
Though once restraynd by force I flew
and thereto would not bowe,
For reasons rough, this one among
the rest I doe allowe
In bookes I readen haue ful oft,
and others many a time:
Of maydes deceiued by wyly wyghes
and led in loathed crime.
For Sathan meaneth most deceit,
when Angels shape he takes,
The fish is trapped fowest with,
the siluer hooke in lakes.
I doubted aye the like vntil,
that I enioyde the gift,
Which once Cassandra held, that had
beene aye a present shift.
For to discerne and know thereby
the secrets of thy mind
If that I should thee faithfull, or
a playne dissembler find.
For this you know as wel as I
this is the greatest care
Of maydes, how they bestow themselues.

in louely bands to fare.
And how they knit themselues in league,
though loue be very strong:
And not for pleasure small to sing
alway a mournfull song.
But sith that I by proofe perceiue
thy meaning true to be,
And without fraud I stand content
herein to pleasure thée:
Then aye persist in stedfast faith
for euer to endure.
And me in heart to be thine owne,
to finde thou shalt be sure.
Now fare thou wel my only care,
my stedfast staffe of ioy:
The only comfort of my life,
whom loue kæpe from annoy.
By her that lones thee aye,
more better than her hart:
If thou consent to yeeld thereto,
till death shall aye depart.

The ioyfull louer having by earnest sute obtained her whom he loued, made this ditte following.

COme on ye louers that long haue rest in wo,
Leaue off your sobs so tearing.
And

And helpe my ioyfull hap to shew
A face of laughter bearing:
Come on all ye I say agayne,
Your Ladyes fauour which obtayne,
And let vs all sing.
For wee haue past the greatest ieopardy that
Haue wrought vs any wo or greefe (might
Nowe we arriue the hauen cheefe
And passe the sea of spyght.

Though Cupides arow pierce my tender hart
And brought to me such payning,
Yet now exiled is my smart,
My deare I thus obtayning,
I ioy with hyr that iopes with me,
I loue no wight so well as she,
For like this ioy knew I neuer non before that
In which these words were to me shownе (day
Come on my deare, thou art myne owne,
I will thee loue alway.

What words of cõfort were these now thinke
To bring such libertie to me, (you all
When I had liued long in thrall,
At last that day set to see,
I ne remember now my woe,
Which me compassed long agoe,
Therefore let vs sing.

For I am recompenced wel for this my payne,
I haue the wight that I loue best,
Yir words do bring to me such rest,
I wish none other gayne.
Ye Gods ỳ rule the rounded ball grant this to me
I aske vnfaynedly,
If I loue hyr with faythfull mynde,
As I loue hyr, let hyr loue me,
And not the contrary,
Let hyr ne growe in heart vnkynd,
And then may I sing,
And purpose truely to loue hyr alwayes in my heart
What euer hap shall aye befall,
Yea though I lose my life and all,
Till death vs two depart.

Tempus rerum edax.

NOthyng there is but aye,
at length doth vanish cleane,
For tyme doth weare away,
such things as earthly bene.
The Rose for all his hue,
the skarlet Gillowfloure,
The Vyolet so blewe,
doe vanish in one houre.
The trée that groweth bigge,
and windeth euery way,

Doth

Doth once rot euery twigge,
when time sayes nowe, decay.
The wight that here is borne,
at last doth lose his breath,
Though many wayes he turne,
and would not méete with death.
The marble stone most sure,
that lyeth vnder féete,
Can not alwayes endure,
but goeth once to fléete.
The king that sits in throne,
with golden mace in hand,
At length shall be as none,
but earth on him to stand.
The house wherein we trust,
though hard as flint it be,
At length shall weare to dust,
a heape of stones to sée.
The castel set on hie,
on hill that standeth stout,
Its séene that time doth trye,
and beat the soilage out.
The church that coured is
with lasting lead aboue,
At length time doth ne misse,
his beautie to remoue,
A doore of brasse strong made
of yron or such like,

Time causeth once to glad,
and with decay it strike.
The rock that standeth strong,
amyd the foaming flud,
Though that it lasteth long
time beateth it to mud.
The sea bankes that are hie,
and scene from land to land,
Time wasteth vterlie,
aye farther for to stand.
The Gun that by his strength
can turrets ouerthrowe,
Time doeth consume at length
his power and might to shewe.
The hil that stretcheth long,
and casteth out his side,
As time doeth come more strong,
then he in fall doeth glide.
The starres that in the skie,
most thick set doe remaine,
Doe fade immediatlie,
when time doth come with maine.
The sunne that shines so bright,
shall lose his comely grace,
And shewe no sparke of light,
as time doeth take his place.
The moone that wandreth fast,
and shineth on the land,

Muſt needes decay at laſt
when timely power is ſcande
The world of compaſſe round,
in faſhion of a ball,
At length ſhall not be found
when time conſumes it all.
Nothing there reſteth ſtil
but conſumes by and by,
When time doeth ſhew his will
then vades the earth and ſkie.

The Louer being willed of his Ladie to attire himſelfe in blacke and blewe, demaunded the reaſon, to whome he made this anſwere following by a letter.

BEcauſe that you (my deare) requeſt
to know herein my will:
Wherefore that you in blacke and blewe,
ſhould aye attire you ſtil.
The black is ſaid by right report,
moſt conſtant to remaine:
And ne to change that colour ſad,
for any other graine.
The blewe preſents the wearers minde
and eke a louing hart:
Betokening louely lyking ſtill,
not ſoone aye to depart.

Then ioyne these two in one, and if
thy rayment touch the blacke,
Imixt with blewe a lace or like
my loue ne let it lacke,
For as the blacke presents a face
of faythfull trust to stay,
So doth the blewe aye represent,
a louing heart alway.
And for a token of true loue,
my toy I send to thee
Enclosed here those colours two,
weare thou the same for me,
Wherein is tyde a slight present,
in recompence of thyne,
A tablet wrought, I giue it thee,
it is no longer myne.
As often as you weare the same,
for my sake and for me,
Then wish me well, for be thou sure,
I wish the lyke to thee.

The Louer writeth to his Ladie, wherein he condiscendeth to weare the colours that she willeth him for hir sake.

IN colours two sith you request
I should my selfe attyre,

As

As blacke and blew, I ſtand content
to anſwere your deſire,
For where as black preſents a mind
whom folly makes not fayne,
A colour fit it is for me,
changing for none other grayne.
If blewe a louing minde preſent,
and eke a faithfull hart,
It is for me that neuer minde,
from conſtant loue to ſtart.
But by the gift that you me ſent,
I can not recompeuce
Inough, though daily I apply
thereto my full prezence.
Yet though I haue no gift to giue,
that worthy is of thée.
In place of other, yet let this
ſuffice now ſent from me:
And though it be a gift but light,
or recompence but ſmall,
I giue my hand, I plight my faith,
I ſend my hart and all.
That kéepe vntill I do repayze
to thée, though it be long,
My ſelfe to ioy in armes of loue,
and ſing a ioyfull long.
Farewell my ioy, farewell my life,
farewell my hart to thé,

Farewell thou wight to whom I wish
more good then erst to me.

To him that was disappointed of his woman and louer.

TO freat thy selfe in frantike wise,
to beate thy senslesse brayne,
To clyme where nothyng hangs for thée,
to fish where flowes no gayne,
Me thinkes it boteth not at all:
desist with spæde therefore
The enterprise thou hast in hand:
this saw hath bin of yore,
That hard it is for to conuert
a womans vowed mynde,
Such sterne and stubborne kynde of God
to them is so assignde.
Hir loue not bent is towards thé,
whom thou dost fix in hast,
An other doth with ioy possesse
the wight that brædes thy smart.
Yet for to ease thy mynde, here is
enclosde I sende to thee
In token of benenolence,
a wreath of willow tree.

The louer writeth in the praise of his Ladie wherein he doth compare hir to a Laurel tree that is alwaies greene.

LIke as the Bay ẏ bears on branches swéet
The Laurel leaf that lasteth alway gréene
To change his hue for weather dry or wéet,
Or else to lose his leafe is seldome séene.
So doth my deare for aye continue still,
As faythfull as the louing Turtle doue,
Rewarding me according to my will,
With faithfull hart for my most trustie loue,
And sith the time that we our loue began,
Most trustie she, yet hath endured aye,
And changeth not for any other man.
So constant she of fayth in heart doth stay.
Wherefore vnto that tree I hir compare,
That neuer loseth leafe, no more doth she
Lose tried trueth, how euer that she fare,
But alwayes one by loue in hart to me.
Thē bost I on this brāch of Bayes most pure,
Sith that so swéete I finde it at my hart,
And loue while that my life shall aye endure,
And till that death our bodyes two shall part.

The pretie birth of a childe.

IT fortund late a Frenchman for to dwell
In England, where himselfe he quited well.

And

And toke an Irishwoman to his wife,
Hauing by her a childe of perfect life:
Now if this child beginning shall retaine
Of fathers side, a Frenchman he is plaine,
But contrary, if of the mother he
Shall take the spring, he Irish is to sée.
But some say, that he shalbe of the land
Where he was borne, tyē english shal he stand.

The wordes of a dame concerning her Louer, spoken to one Mistresse *Anne*.

IN fayth gow mistresse Anne I haue
found out a make in déede.
A proper man, and tall, and one
that séemes wil stand in stéede.
I loue hym wel, more then I say,
I wish to him hys good,
I loue him like mine owne déere heart
or els my vytall blood.
For this you know that I ne loue
my blood once for to sée,
No more I doe delight that he
within my sight should be,

Epigrams and Sonets.

In praise of his Ladie.

ELisa dame that Carthage Quéne,
ENe Polixena faire beséne,
NT'aspire vnto my Ladies hewe,
THelena ne with all the crewe,
IIn passing sort may not compare,
NNor vaunt them selues for beutie rare.
IIn circuit huge her like ne is,
MMiron may muse and talke of this.
IIn Gréece though Apelles did frame,
AA picture clére of Venus dame,
SCertaine she doth the same excel
Of whome these lines the name doe tel.

Of foure kindes of men that maie sing at didner, and other meate meales.

The Gentleman that hath the store
of worldly wealth, may sing
At meales of meate, for pleasure great
that pleasant songs may bring.
And next by order cherk, the foole
that ioyes none other graine,
May sing and garre as doth the birde
against a shower of raine.
The Minstrel then that fidleth éne
at féeding times may play,

And

And ſting to heape into his purſſe
the coyne by night or day,
But cheéſe, though laſt, the old cocke may
or cockold ne be dull
To crow and ſing fond fantaſies,
to hag from horned ſcull.

Of couetouſnes and Lecherie together.

A Purſſe full fraught with gold,
as worldly miſers frame,
Had one at coppice point, who tyed
with niggiſh knot the ſame:
Thus were theſe two together knit,
and ioynde in amitie,
A purſſe with pelfe of couetiſe,
at lace of lecherie.

A perfect tricke to kill little blacke flees in ones chamber.

TAke halfe a quart of barly graine
a quart of ſtrongeſt beére.
And boyle withall in earthen pot,
a pint of water cléere,
Till all theſe three conſumed be
to ounces twelue or leſſe,
And then the place to which you will
theſe fleas in heaps to preſſe,

Anoynt

Anoynt with that: this water hat ỹ
in it this vertue raw
That all the fleas will thither come:
then take a slender strawe,
And tickle them on the small ribs,
and when you se one gape,
Thrust thē the straw into his mouth.
and death he nc shall scape.

Each thing in his vocation.

The prests enscarch for funerals,
and flatterers haunt the feast,
The surgions seke the maimed, and
the Rauens carreyne creast.

The frailenesse of women.

An apple trimmes hir mynde,
it lost is with a nut:
Hir toung hangs filed with no edge,
yet it will quickly cut.

To his friend of the frailenesse of
dame Fortune.

Who fortune doth most smilingly aduance
Those soonest doth she call vnto ỹ grounde
Unequall hap she holdeth still by chaunce,
For to extoll, or else defame by sounde.

I reade somewhat of Polycrates ill,
Who neuer felt the fel aduersitie,
Yet dreading lest she once would worke her wil,
Into the sea did throw(to satisfie
Her brittle minde)a ring of value great,
Yet fortune thoght to shew hir power & might
And forst a fish with gulching iawes to eate
The same: which geuen to the king, by sight
The ring appéerde: with maruel he at last
Was captiuc tanc of great Orontes king,
And strangling string about his neck ycast,
Was forst adieu vnto his life to sing.
Learne thou by this I say my gentle frend,
That riches ranke, ne yet the pzecious stone
Can once deferre this fortune so vnkind,
For if it might this king had not béen gone,
And for because that thou art set so hie,
And placed stayest in seate of this degrée
Unwilling aye to lose authoritie,
I cannot chuse but now aduertise thée
To train thy selfe in such wise thou maist haue
(If fortune fraile should hap to slip from thée)
Ech mans good wil, wherby he might thée saue
Frõ dangers dread, which ÿ might haply sée,
For now a thing not rare it is in déede,
That where we wey our forefeets best to be
With slippery place then sonest doe we slide
Therefore marke wel that I haue said to thée.

The

The morning before the Louer went to his Ladie, made this petition to the Gods.

GOlde is a signe men say
of happy lucke and loue,
Then graunt ye Gods I pray
that rule the skie aboue,
This my request to me,
that sith that I this night
Did dreame such gold to see
as answerd my delight,
That I may heare such newes,
of her that hath my heart,
Like as ioy still insues
to rid me from my smart.
And Venus Goddes milde,
to whom the apple gaue
Young Paris Prince a child
a noble dame to haue
Graunt that I may by suite,
haue her I doe request:
And I wil geue the fruite,
to thee before the rest.

The foolishnes of a painter.

REpairing to a Painters place
to view such pictures rare
As he with pensil fine had framde
the same away to beare.

Me thought I sawe such pictures there,
of beauties darlings braue,
As dyd surpasse, and condigne were
the onely bryte to haue.
Whereby it seemde he far had sought,
by sea and eke by land,
Eche passing part of womanhood,
with eye had rightly skand.
At length his wife descending downe,
a passing peece in deede,
Me thought I newer saw hir like,
attyrde in womans weede.
Who there dyd draw myne eyes to hir,
from pictures cleane away,
By whom was playne dame beuty then
hir banner did display.
And vewing there eche perfect poynt
which nature dyd apply,
That sely soule in covert wise,
I speake thus by and bye
Thou paynter that with curious eyes
hast seene eche courtly dame,
In mynde thereby by sight of such
a picture rare to frame,
What dydst thou meane to seeke so farre,
and hast at home a wife,
For beuty which knowes not hir peere
with woman which are chaste.

Thou

Thou fole, if that thou list in deede,
with penſell to detrayne
A picture that all other ſhews
of pictures aye ſhould ſtayne,
Or if thou meanſt to frame a ſhew
of beauty catcht in net,
And ſuch one as the gaole thereby
thy ſelfe thou erſt might get,
Then forge the picture of thy wife,
and trauaile not for payne,
Sith ſhe the cheefe of beauties ſtocke,
among vs doth remayne.

The grieuous complaint of him that had the hap to marie his miſtreſſe.

When youthfull yeres did prick me forth
in ſtature for to growe
A tall yong man, and towardnes,
(to call) by ſight to ſhew,
I did requeſt in heart to be
a ſeruing man a ſpace,
Whereto my frends dyd condiſcend,
and wiſhed me their grace.
A maſter meete my parents chooſe,
as beſt they thought in minde,
That ſhould in ſeruice me retayne,
ſith I thereto was clynd,

A gentleman of antike ſtocke
by alliance very good,
By pedigree and iuſt diſcent
he came of gentle blood:
And ſtriken deep in yeres, this wight
a wife he had before,
A paſſing dame, a pleaſant wench,
of beutie which had ſtore.
They did continue many yeres,
in vertues wayes moſt pure
With faithful loue and amitie,
and frendſhips lore moſt ſure.
In ſo much that there was cauſe gin
to neighbors round them by,
To blaze this bruite in euery place,
by fame both farre and nie,
Happy to be that aged ſoule,
and luckie for to ſtand,
That had by Gods appointed him
a wife to lead in hand,
That aye dame beuties baner braue
diſplaied in ſuch wiſe
Withall, for vertue in no place
her like might once ariſe:
Wel, to enſue, dame Atropos
can ſhread his web in twaine,
Leauing no iſſue him behind
as his heire to remaine.

Whereby the right of land and leaſe
of ſiluer and of golde,
Deſcended ſolely vnto her,
for euer it to holde.
Then was this widow often ſought,
in mariage league to wend,
But ſhe refuſing offers large,
to none would condiſcend,
Then I remembring many times
her vertues manifold,
The ſæmely port, the comely grace
which ſhe by ſight did hold
But chæfly aye the worldly wealth
and riches pleaſant ſtore,
That by her huſband was her left
ſurrounding aye the flore.
Was moued much by *Cupid* blinde
for to attempt with mane,
If that I might this paſſing wight
by any meanes obtaine.
And being daily conuerſant
I wrought the matter ſo,
That in ſhort time my hearts deſire
I obtainde to my woe.
The mariage made, moſt ioyfull I
in heart did aye remaine
I neuer knewe what ſorrow meant
ne felt what thing was paine.

Ah pleasantly we dyd consume
two moneths and no more,
In pleasant wyse then dyd I thinke,
to sue to get some store,
Of gold if that I myght,
I knew she had the same,
And fruitful bagges, but in no wise,
I could one crowne reclayme:
And as request was made of me,
this answere by and by,
Was gin of hir in crooked wyse,
and aye most frowardly,
Good sir, I wedded not for that,
aduauncement ne you gaue
To the intent that any store
of myne you should thus craue,
And thinke to be your owne, but this
much I do to you say,
If that you stand to my reward,
your labor ile repay:
And what I giue you take,
myne offer ne refuse,
I was your mistresse tyll I gaue,
you licence me to vse.
Such as is yours is myne,
and myne is sure myne owne:
Then none ye haue, ne none ye get,
vnlesse frendship be showne.

But

But I with rage and choler moued,
ne could my selfe refrayne,
To me it was a present death,
and earst a piercyng payne,
That I shoulde be a womans thrall,
that I should be a slaue,
That I in place of husband, should
none of her substance haue.
It moued me in dēd, so that
though cleane agaynst my wōd,
I was constrayned by fury fell
some blowes for to bestow,
But out alas, her frēends forthwith
gan giue her frendly ayde,
Wherby I troden downe to ground
in mynd was aye dismayde:
And she puft vp by passyng pryde,
her head was growne so hye
Aboue my pate, that able she
was it with nayles to clye.
With pot, with candlesticke, and eke
with bedstaffe of huge weight,
Both stoole and forme flang at my face,
with care thus I was freyght.
On euery side, oh miser most:
oh caytyfe borne to payne,
Oh diuels drudge, oh frantike fole,
that marry wouldst for gayne.

When I in stable serude the horsse,
Then was I wearier aye,
On bench with clownes whole peny vp,
at treygobet to play
Than I am now beside all this,
and which doth grééue me more,
Of hornes by hir vile whoredome strong,
accrueth to me store.
No remedy I finde the while,
for still before my face,
Roysters, ruffins, she retaynes
in bed, my rightfull place.
Wherefore a thousand tymes I wayle
my state and mysery,
A thousand tymes I call for death,
yet naythelesse can dye:
I shall liue longer than I would,
in thrall with mickle shame,
Oh God what hap had I, when first
I wedded home my dame.

The Louer by pleasant talke caused a Ladie to vnderstand how a shrew or vnhappie woman came first into the world.

LEt no man muse but this was first
the offspring of a shrowe,
As I in lynes here subsequent,
shall cause you for to know.

When

When as for sinne the thunderer
Ioue dyd the earth surround,
And ouerwhelmed aye with waues,
eche part of heauy ground:
Deucalion onely saued was,
and Pirrha then his wife,
(As Poets say) of mortals, and
be longest ioyed life.
And whē perceiuerance did him take
that euery wyght was gone,
And that they two and no more
on earth were left alone,
Then pensiuely they tooke aduice
to Themis for to wend,
To wete how mankind might again
his former life entend.
This Goddesse can reply them to,
with answere on this wise,
If that Deucalion could find out
by sight of greedy eyes,
His mothers bones, and him behind
they throwen for to be,
Within short tyme they should start vp
men lyuing for to be,
This maruell much dismaide the mynds
of these two sely wights,
As though that they dyd fearefull stand,
by sight of hellish sprights:

But this Deucalion beyng wyse,
perceyued at the last,
The earth mother to be of all
things that are nowe and past:
And erst to be the spring whereheence
all mortals first did flowe.
By reason then of earth he was
(by wit) he prompt dyd knowe,
And aye her bowels for to be
the sandy crushing stones:
The marble and such like also,
appoynted her for bones.
Wherefore he threwe behynde himselfe
these stones of manifold,
Which to be men immediatly
(amasde he gan behold.)
Of these came all the men that nowe
are liuyng vnder skye:
And Pirrha mylde to play her part
behynd her by and by,
Gan throw as many stones as this
Deucalion threw before,
Which streighe became a troupe of dames:
of both kindes there were store.
The reason now I guesse how that
such shrewes in earth abound,
In euery place among the men,
a number to be found,

As this, the ſea replet with ſalt,
dyd beate agaynſt the land,
And many ſtones within the ſame
of ſaltiſh taſt dyd ſtand.
Then to enſue, when all the earth
with ſea was ouerrune,
There was no land but water all
to be ſéne vnder Sunne.
Decreaſing yet it left ſuch ſtones,
remayning on the land
As ſaltiſh were, a number ſure:
perhaps to Pirrhas hand
Came one of thoſe, and made a fem:
the ſalt muſt freat alway,
With in that wight which firſt was made
of ſalted ſtone or clay,
Whereby to choler it prouokes
and her in rage to fall
In frantike wiſe: a ſhrewe to be
ſuch one we alway call.
For ſuch was Worrell ſlayne,
and layde in ſaltiſh brine,
For ſaltiſh ſhrewes his ſkyn was ſlayne
ſuch ſhrewes in it to ſhrine.

Of faithfull friendſhip.

When worldly wealth doth vade & decay,
And erthly riches to erth do turn againe

Yet

Yet frendship most stedfast and sure for aye.
Hap what hap may doth styll remayne.
Why any man find the lyke of Carion
And Menalip companions aye,
Who to the death were friends: no not one,
Who kept this frendship most stedfest in stay.
There are frends dead, and of sorts twayne,
By proving a man may finde it true,
The one in countnance all for gaine,
The others words dead to ensue.
Some men remember Pylades,
A faithfull man, a trusty wyght,
Oh sacred frend vnto Orestes,
Oh sparkling starre to giue vs light:
They all are gone and layd in graue,
Once we had Pilades, and once Orestes,
But them againe or like, we none shall haue,
We haue not nowe, to trace their progresse:
Menalip is gone, and Carion,
The sacred soules hath rapt them aye,
Their facts haue we as yet to looke vpon,
Such kept the flowre of frendship in stay.

What daunger insueth if a man enterprise a higher place then his degree can aspire vnto.

BY fortune came a countrey clowne
to London, for to se,

And

And roming vp and downe the ſtrẽtes
as beſt he thought to be,
Went to the court a place vnmete
for ſuch a carter playne,
The ſame tyme where for princes ſport
great paſtime to ortayne.
Wen went about: the nyght drew on,
and Luna with hir hornes,
The azure ſkie and element
with ſparkling ſtarres adornes.
And he thus learned of the boyes
or lackeys of the courte,
Such paſſing pleaſure for to be,
and eke ſuch princely ſport.
Dyd mynde (if that he myght) to get
and wryng into the hall
To take the vewe, this boyiſh cloyne
dyd nothing aye appall,
Though with the ſight of nobles ſtore
his doltiſh eyes were fed,
But loppeth to the vpper end,
his cap vpon his head.
One of the wayters ſeing this,
him by the arme can hold,
And ſayd ſirrha, to come ſo nygh
how dareſt thou be bolde?
Come on, if that thou liſt to viewe
and ſee ſome pleaſant ſight,

Goe get thée out into the stréete
and stare on the moone lyght.
But he with strugglyng gan refuse,
and very long resist,
Till at the length his eare dyd fetch
somewhat at porters fist.
(I know not what it was) but he
with anger chafed much,
Dyd thinke if he were at the dore
to recompence this tuch,
So that in déede(that place attayne)
vnwares to any wight,
He gaue the porter another blow,
with all his power and might.
The fellowes séeing this, gan run
on heapes vnto the dore,
And for one blow they dyd him gyue
whole twenty, yea and more,
In so much that the foolish sot
was forst almost to cry,
When as he felt a weighty fist
to hit him on the eye.
They layd on load, but at the last
he escaped from the dore,
Thinking aye to go so far,
he venture would no more,
But to beware by this, sith that
so foolishly he would.

Epigrams and Sonets.

Nowe venture in a place to high
for his decrée so cold.
This chaunce doth often hap to such
as boldly do aspire
To highest top as they are led
by foolish fond desire:
Its often séene, that they which sit
at meat at the vpper end,
Are often placed all belowe,
and lowest thither send.
Let euery man him hold content,
and aye well pleased be,
In ech poynt, with such haps as are
most mète for his degrée.

Of parents deformed hauing a beutifull childe.

DOubling doubts & musings much I stande
To sée dame natures fact, by skilfull hand,
I muse how that the trée that beares by kynde,
The red hawe, should to chestnuts be inclynde:
I muse how that ỹ trée should change that sute
For grapes most pure his cat sloes soure frute
This change séems somwhat strange in déed to
Such kindly gripes vnkindly for to be. (me
I muse how that dame nature could with skill,
And learning large of high Pernassus hill,

Frame

Frame such a peece on earth here for to stray
Of parents as were made of clodded clay.
I muse how that erst such a froward fyr
With drowsie wife whose loue is to the fire,
Should get a daughter damsell faire & bright,
For to display dame beauties banner bright.
This fact departs by fame the onely deed,
Of thundring Ioue, ẏ giues ẏ good their meed
To rest with him, and pait ẏ the ill their hire.
For to descend to hell and flaming fire.

Of him that tooke a quart of wine when it was proffered by his freend, who minded to get a pottell.

ONe newly come to towne, of frends
a number he gan mete,
Aboue the rest, by friendly talke
one cheefly thus him grete,
Unto your welcome sir I haue,
some where a quart of wine,
Which willingly I would bestow
on you this present tyme.
Mary (quoth the other) gladly
your gentle gift I take,
The quart of wine I meane not now
with nay thus to forsake.
Nay quoth the other streight, you ought
for to haue offred me,

A pot-

Epigrams and Sonets.

A portell more for to requite
my gift offred to thée:
For curteſie doth will when that
one offreth thée a quart,
Thou ſhouldſt him giue the like or more,
to ſhew thy gentle heart.
Beſhrew me then (quoth the ſtranger)
for eke thou drinkſt of mine,
I will be ſure before hand aye,
to haue a taſte of thine.
For many men moſt mindfully,
do often offer make,
Such things as they ne willingly,
would any time forſake.
But for a ſkill to get the like
vnder colour and face
Of curteſie where crabbed clawes
deceitfully do trace,
So nowe this quart of wine
is offred aye of thée,
To the intent that thou mightſt get
a portell more of me.

To hir the Louer writeth, being familiarlie acquainted, refuſed in preſence to ſpeake to him.

SIth that thy fauour once I helde
and ioyed part thy grace,

What was the cause, that this disdayne
should vrge himselfe a place
In thée: at home I knowe,
and eke remember well:
Full louing tales and stories there
I often could thée tell,
And for reward I could receyue
of thée a kisse or twayne,
As iustly aye deserude of me:
in recompense of payne.
I then was bold to go with thée,
in chambers low and hie,
And in mine armes on bed of downe
haue thée thereon to lye,
Though I restrayned by forced feare
would neuer enterpryse
To taste of Venus sports, as things
ne to be séene with eyes.
Where as perhaps (as well appeard)
you willyng were thereto,
But that a doubt came in the wynde
that forst a frend a foe.
This token you remember well,
if that you list to yéld,
She toke a blow below the eare,
at Wyregate by the field.
To play at cardes and tables both,
to driue the tyme away,

And other games you coulde deuiſe,
as time ſerude day by day.
An hundred toyes were to be found,
that might vs merrie make,
Then had the Wone cleane loſt hyr ſoyme,
and was ne like a cake,
I was thy darling then, alſo
I dyd poſſeſſe thy hart:
Eche word that ſtubbornly was caſt
dyd cauſe eche other ſmart.
Why now, what is the cauſe me tell,
that this ſo vile diſdayne,
Should thée enforce pe to regarde
him that for thée bydes payne?
What was the cauſe that when you met
me with your fellowes mo,
And troupe of dames in open ſtréte,
you would ſo ſlyly go.
And looke awry as though not méete
I were to ſée your face?
(Such frends as we are aye before)
this was a chaunged caſe.
But go thy way, to chooſe thy fére,
euen where it likes thée beſt,
Ile trouble thée from hence no more,
ne thée diſturbe of reſt.
But as long as by ſight I know,
a woman from a ſheépe,

For thy ſake I will then beware,
and looke before I leape.

Of Vnthrifts.

Thoſe men whoſe minds are wolly bent
and ſet on pleaſure vayne,
Do take no care to get the thrift,
that brings inceſſant gayne.

Of Whoredome.

As aye amongſt th'vntamed beaſtes
that range amid the wood,
There is no greater rauenor than
the Wolfe of cruell mood.
And as the Puttoke doth ſurpaſſe
eche winged foule perdy,
By egerneſſe to ſkirre hir pray,
once ſéene with greedy eye:
So aye excelles this monſtrous vice
of whoredome by hir kinde,
Eche other vice ſtupendious
by Sathan left behinde.

Like will to like.

Euen as good men reioyce alway
With good men for to be,
In companie to ioy with them:
ſo like it is to ſée,
Ill men reioyce with like to haue

their companie allwaies:
The good with like, the ill with ill,
do toyne in all assayes.

Of vnwittie spending.

METhink such wights, small wit in head retaine,
Which do consume & spend that worldly gaine
Which they haue got with swet of browe and payne
no cause therefore:
Such treasure thē as they for long haue soght
In litle tyme for to consume to nought,
Such spendyng ay not taking any thought,
makes rich men pore.

Perit quicquid feceris ingrato.

AMongst such dēds, as when that they are done
Inforce a man for to repent therefore,
This one thing cheefe remaines for ech to shun,
Though there aboūd by knowlege many more,
What euer thing thou doest with zelous mind,
T'a churlish wight þ adage shewes such sense,
Its lost: he will not leaue his doggish kinde,
Ne neuer meane the same to recompence.

The propertie of Reprobates.

BY kinde they that are lewde in dēde,
doe ioy in heart alway,
When as the good misfortune find
and fall into decay.

A good man.

PErfoꝛce a perfect wight in déde,
to be, he beares the fame,
Which no man harmes ne doth delight,
his neyghbour foꝛ to blame:
Then it inſewes, if he be good,
we ſhould him follow ſtill,
Sith we are taught to loue the good
and to abhoꝛre the ill.
And if that vertue ought to be
imbꝛaſt of euery wight,
Then ought we all embꝛace that man
that vertuous is and right.

A perfect preſeruatiue for health.

FOꝛ kæping of a man in health
there is no better way,
Than foꝛ to eate and dꝛinke by meane,
one meane to kæpe alway,
And ne ſurpaſſe oꝛ change that meane
at one time moꝛe oꝛ leſſe,
Foꝛ meaſure bꝛings a treaſure tried
in pleaſure oꝛ diſtreſſe.

A ſtupendious deſire.

SOme men there are that do imploy
and fix their grædy mynde,
To gather riches to themſelues,
to pꝛiuate gayne inclynde:

And

And though they find no end of wealth,
yet more they do desire,
And kindle vp vpon their heads,
a flashing flame of fire.

Olde men.

ALL liuing wyghts whom that
old Senex staffe hath smit,
Denieth youthfull slouthfulnesse.
and otherwise delite.

Diuersitie of remembrance.

WE all are wont (as well is knowne)
to print and beare in mynde,
A lesson touching naughtinesse,
to which vice is inclinde,
More soner than a godly phrase:
so great diuersitie
Of good and yll, we alwayes finde
fixt in our memory.

The deceites of the Foxe.

FOr to haue learnde the Foxes wiles,
and rightly vnderstand,
Were readiest meane them to preuent
before they come to hand.

Of a womans hatred.

THe anger of a shrew is aye,
more grœuous to some wight,

Then is the ſting of ſerpent ſtrong,
that bringeth mickle ſpite.

Of boaſting and bragging.

HE that doth litle thing performe,
yet braggs at euery houſe:
May be compared to an hill,
that once brought forth a Mouſe.

A ſigne of anger.

IF that he bends the browes
in frowning wyſe to lowre,
We ſay that he then angry is,
or hath an angry ſhowre,

The ſudden falling into danger:

NO wight there is that ſteppeth forth
or traceth on the ball,
That can from daunger him exempt,
ſo ſoone as in it fall.

The pitie of Dormice.

OF pitie this is a ſigne.
And condigne aye for to be knowne.
Howe that yong Dormice alway fæde,
Their ſyers that in age are growne.
And when that they ne able are,
To trauayle for their pray,
The yong ones yet the ſame will get,
And bring to reſt alway.

Epigrams and Sonets.

Of imdietie of children.

WHo can deny but vertue all
is vanisht out of place,
When as the children ne obey
the fathers in no case.

The sinnes of Kings.

WHen euer as the king doth sinne,
and iustly loue therefore,
Doth vengeance giue, to the intent
that he should sinne no more:
We alwayes sée the plague to light,
on commons many a one,
As well as on the wight that sinde
and forceth them to grone.

Of eating of egges:

AT meate there met both he and she,
among those dishes rare
That there were set (not daintie though)
came egges t'augment the fare,
(Quoth she) if that you eate this egge,
the prouerbe doth ensue,
Thrée shames therewith incontinent
shall happen vnto you.
But he applying this egge,
not printing that in minde:
There fell a drop, thers one (quoth she)
the other be behinde.

With that he clapt the egge into
his mouth, the ſhelles and all,
Theres two (quothſhe) watcht for the third,
till that it doth befall.

To him that was angrie becauſe the Cuckow did ſing before his doore.

FRend rage not with the Cuckow,
though he ſings before thy dore,
And Cuckow cry, ne chaunging aye,
the tune he ſang before.
He cryes not Cuckold, though much like,
thy wife do thou not blame,
For though thou think'ſt he Cuckold cryes,
perhaps it is not thy name.

Of Sugar and Salt.

SUgar and Salt begyn with like letter,
though ſugar be good, yet ſalt is better:
This ſugar is ſwæte in mouth to the taſte,
yet doth the Scripture ſhew vs at the laſt,
That ſalt doth ſeaſon all things that there be,
and no ſuch mention of ſuger we ſee.

Of haſtie wiuing.

HE doth deſire a wife in dæde,
and thinks it very ſwæte,
That willingly would marry aye,
eche harlot he doth mæte.

Of

Epigrams and Sonets.

Of despising of the poore.

Though that he faine be in decay,
and wanteth to maintaine,
Yet it is not a godly point
to scorne the wight in paine.

Of harlots.

AN harlot sure in outward shew
professeth feruent loue,
But from her heart she doth expell
and faithful loue remoue.
But certaine she is crauing still,
and grædy of thy golde,
And without that or such like giftes,
no more touch they will holde.
As long as thou doest fill her hand
with money, they remaine
Thine owne: but they are gone when that
they haue no hope of gaine.

Of keeping companie with naughtipacks.

HE that doth cling to felowship
of naughtipacks alway.
Its maruel if he with their blots,
himselfe ne spotteth aye.

The Prouerbe.

IN age he hardlie shal enioy,
or riches store obtaine

That could ne kinde in heart in youth
to geue himselfe to paine.

Of anger without a cause.

HE that doth freat for each light cause,
or trifle in respect,
May wel be calde a foole by kinde,
his follie to reiect.

Of husbandrie and Scholers.

SUch as doe toyle to till the land,
and husbandrie maintaine:
Such as doe plowe and cart, abide
ten times more grœuous paine,
Than such as doe indeuour aye
and learning swœte desire,
And geue themselues by pleasant trade
swœte letters to aspire.

Another Prouerbe.

HE semes vnwise that doeth intend
the top of house to raise,
Before that he hath cast the floore
to beare the heauie paise.

The error of the wicked.

AS the Egles doe contemne
at bœtles for to smite,
So rich men doe, to scorne the poore,
in heart ofttimes delite.

Of pleading where a man is not heard.

IT better were that euery wight
should hold his peace alway,
Than for to speake and waste his wind
not being heard for aye:
Yea where the people ne esteeme
his words, but count as vaine,
There were he better hold his peace,
and take no wilful paine.

The frailnesse of youth.

YOuthly age is bent so much
to foolish fond aspect,
That if the masters wil not once
with tongue their faults detect.
Another time, the worser mad
you shal them surelie finde,
If that it happen so, that
correction be blinde.

Nothing is hid from God.

WHat sinne soeuer thou commit
if it be great or small,
If it be in most secrete place,
yet God beholds all.

Of flatterie and lieng.

FLatterie beares a skill with it,
But lying comes by mother wit.

A faithfull frend.

DOutlesse a frend he is in déde,
and ought to be accounted sure,
Which shewes himselfe a frend vnto
his frend, as long as life endure.

Of costlie apparel.

EXtreme follie it sémes to be
attyred in such wise,
To which thy base state and degré
by much ne may arise.

Of Neighbourlie aide.

LEt it ne gréeuous séme to thé,
thy neighbour to relæue,
Sith he, if thou shouldst mæts with néde
the like to thé may gæue.

Of good counsell.

GOod councell sée that thou obey
at first when thou begin,
Ne in such hazard doe thou slide,
and sodenly fall in:
From which thou maist not easily pul
or drawe thy foote againe,
And thus repent when its too late,
encreasing stil thy paine.

Epigrams and Sonets.

Of him that would fight at home, and no where els.

VVIth me ne wouldst thou striue,
ne yet deuision make,
But at home on thine owne dunghill,
where all cocks proudly crake.

Of a couetous mind.

SO sparing he is stil, and harde
of that he doeth reclcame,
That easier it is for to get
or drawe a water streame
Out of a Flint, then for to wring
a penie from his bagge
Where thousands lie, his best coat yet
is but a rotten ragge.

The Prouerbe.

IN braue attyre who pampreth vp
his corps for semely sight,
In veluet, purple, and such like,
his purse then waies most light.

Of wicked children.

THe childe that doeth account,
and thinketh ought for aye:
His Parents worthie ne to be
to whom he should obaye,

Moſt meete is to be expelde,
out from the chriſten flock,
Leaſt graffes we ſhould haue more to growe
out of ſuch wicked ſtocke.

Of vvailing for the dead.

VVHat profiteth to waile the dead,
and ſtrike my ſelfe with paine,
A man may wæpe til heart ſtrings breake,
yet haue not them againe.

Of parents.

IT is not parents wit by right,
ſo much the childe to hate,
Rather to ſæ him caſt away
than roughly him to rate.

Of ſuch as had rather haue harlots than wiues

BY wit I ne allow the vſe
ne councel of that wight
Which rather would frequent the houſe
of harlots day and night.
Then chaſtly for to take a wife,
and Himeneus pleaſe:
And rather would ſuſtaine ſtil ſtrife,
than alwaies liue at eaſe.

Of him that eſteemeth riches more than frendſhip.

VNworthy he of frendſhip is,
that more eſtæmeth gold

Than

Than faithful frendſhip, which as long
as very life doeth hold.

Of Deſtinie.

NO deſtinie a man may ſcape,
as reaſon doeth allowe:
And hanging is a deſtinie,
as many men doe know:
Then if a wight doth throwe himſelfe
amyd the surging ſea,
In mind thereby to mæte with death,
and drowning him to ſlea:
Yea though he fight in ſkirmige dure,
and braul with ſuch as be
Surpaſſing him by manly force,
yet thus much doe we ſæ:
Though many wayes for death he ſæk
himſelfe away to caſt.
If hanging be his deſtinie,
he hang ſhal at the laſt.

FINIS. *M.G.*

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